



MAY
NO. 63
10¢

CRIME

MAY
no. 63
10¢

PDC

ALL TRUE CRIME STORIES

DOES NOT PAY

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**THE MAGAZINE WITH THE
WIDEST RANGE OF APPEAL!**
**DEDICATED TO THE
ERADICATION OF CRIME!**

CHARLES
BIRO

WHY DIDN'T
HE COME OUT
WHEN HE HEARD
THE ALARM? NOW
ALL FRISCO IS
HEADING THIS WAY!
WHY SHOULD I
MOTH AROUND A HOT
POTATO LIKE HIM? I
WAS A NITWIT TO
GET MIXED UP WITH
A STUMBLE-BUM
LIKE HIM IN
THE FIRST
PLACE!

THE FOUR
GRAND THAT
TRIXIE'S HOLDIN' AN'
THE FEW BUCKS I GOT
WILL GET US TO MEXICO
IN FAIR STYLE!
**TRIXIE, TRIXIE,
TRIXIE! WAIT-
DON'T GO
WITHOUT ME!
TRIXIE!**

BANG
BANG

U.S.
BON





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

A Message from—



A copy of the following letter was mailed to every writer, artist and contributor to our magazines. We thought that reproducing it here would help to better acquaint you with the care and attention that all material published in our magazines is given.

To all artists, writers and editorial affiliates, these restrictions must be adhered to. The following series of "don'ts" was conceived with the intention of establishing a much needed form of self-imposed censorship. That this is an essential step to further elevate the importance of comic magazines, is unanimously agreed to. Although we have followed most of these directives for many years, this is a more solidified and sterner reiteration.

1. In the illustration of women and girls, regardless of character, no scarcity of clothing will be accepted and no attempt to emphasize sex appeal will be permitted for publication.
2. Stories dealing with sadism or torture of any form or sex-motivated crimes will not be accepted.
3. No strips shall contain either in dialogue or illustration names of known concerns or people, such as names on buildings and backgrounds, or attempts at personal humor in lead story characters in CRIME DOES NOT PAY and CRIME AND PUNISHMENT of any known person.
4. Law officers, F.B.I. agents, judges and lawyers must be pictured both in appearance and dialogue in a favorable light.
5. Criminals will not be made attractive either in physical appearance or character.
6. All criminal acts or moral violations by characters in stories must be accounted for by legal punishment and the punishment must fit the crime.
7. No relatives of criminals will be referred to in a story unless vital to its structure and, in that case, only in a favorable light. This is in reference to CRIME DOES NOT PAY and CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.
8. Criminals must not be shown to enjoy a criminal act. This means no laughter or glee during the commission of a crime.
9. Gun molls and female criminals must not be made too attractive. They should, instead, be made typical and as relatively varied in bone structure as the male characters.
10. In the illustration of wounds, they must not be shown open. Blood must not be shown flowing from the face or mouth of a man and no blood to be shown flowing from women.
11. No reference shall be made to characters in regard to race, color or religion.
12. Any political propaganda is definitely out—in other words—no between-the-lines political soap-boxing.

These rules must be adhered to. I cannot stress these points hard enough. Should any of these points need further clarification, I will be glad to discuss them with you.

C. B.

Permission is hereby granted to other comic publishers and editors who may wish to make similar use of this list.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY

FELIX SLOPER

HE SAID, "NOBODY AN' NOTHIN' MAKES TROUBLE LIKE WOMEN", BUT HE COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM AND HE COULDN'T LIVE WITH 'EM!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE'S GOT AGAINST YOU, MAC, BUT THIS LADY SAYS YOU'RE CARRYING A GUN! I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH YOU, BUDDY! RAISE YOUR HANDS AND TURN AROUND!

LADY?? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! SHE'S A CEX!! LIAR! SHE'S JUST TRYIN' TO GET ME IN TROUBLE! I GAVE HER THE BRUSH OFF AN' SHE CAN'T TAKE IT!

LIAR, AM I? JUST LOOK IN HIS HIP-POCKET- YOU'LL FIND A .32 AUTOMATIC, LIKE I TOLD YOU!

WHAT'S A MATTER, YA DRIED UP OLD PRUNE- DON'T YA WANNA LIVE NO MORE?

IF YOU ASK ME, NOBODY AND NOTHING MAKES TROUBLE LIKE WOMEN-THAT IS, FOR BOYS IN MY PROFESSION! EVER SINCE EVE, THEY'VE BEEN TURNING MAN'S PARADISE INTO CHAOS WITH THEIR BEWITCHING BEAUTY, THEIR VENOMOUS VENGEFULNESS! A SMART OPERATOR NEEDS A DAME LIKE HE NEEDS A HOLE IN THE HEAD! DIDN'T BILLY THE KID KICK IN THE DUST BECAUSE OF A DARK-EYED SENORITA? DIDN'T DILLINGER BLEED HIS LIFE OUT IN A CHICAGO ALLEY, BECAUSE HE KEPT A DATE WITH A RED-HEAD? BEWARE, FELIX SLOPER BEWARE- DEATH WEARS A DIMPLE-DEATH IS A DISH WHOSE SMILES CAN MAKE YOUR HEART STAND STILL-FOREVER!



IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PEOPLE INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF SOME CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS TRUE MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS.

The Editors



GEORGE
TUSKA

WILL FELIX SLOPER, CRIMINAL, HEED THE WISDOM-WORN VOICE OF MR. CRIME? WILL HE ESCAPE THE PITFALL OF A WOMAN'S KISS-OR WILL HE PERISH IN THE PERFUME OF HER POISONOUS CHARMS? SLOPER'S LIFE-AND-DEATH DECISION IS THE HEART-THUMPING, FIST-SMASHING TALE OF "THE GIRL-CRAZY GUNMAN!"

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU KNOW HOW YOU SOMETIMES LOOK AT AN ACORN AND MARVEL AT THE OAK TREE IT WILL SOME DAY BECOME? WELL, THAT'S HOW I FELT ABOUT FELIX SLOPER—BY THE TIME HE WAS THIRTEEN—IN 1910—IN SAN FRANCISCO, FELIX HAD COMMITTED THREE GENUINE ROBBERIES!



NONE OF THOSE SNATCH-PURSE, SHOP-LIFTING, NURSERY SCHOOL THINGS! HIS WAS FULL-BLOWN STUFF—BACKED UP BY A KNIFE, OR A PIECE OF PLUMBING!

LADY—I SEEN YOU CHANGE A BIG BILL IN THE GROCERY STORE! COME ACROSS, OR YOU'LL SPEND IT ON DOCTOR BILLS!

DON'T LIE, N.N.O! HELP, HELP, POLICE!



WHY DIDN'T YOU KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT? IF YOU THINK MORE OF YER LOUSY DOUGH THAN YER GOOD HEALTH, YOU GOT IT COMIN' TO YA!

YES, EVEN THEN, BACK IN HIS ACORN DAYS, WOMEN WERE GIVING FELIX TROUBLE!

GET OUT OF MY HOUSE! HEL...



GRACIOUS! IT CAME FROM MRS. GROGAN'S ACROSS THE ALLEY!

GET THE POLICE—THERE'S SOMEONE IN HER APARTMENT!

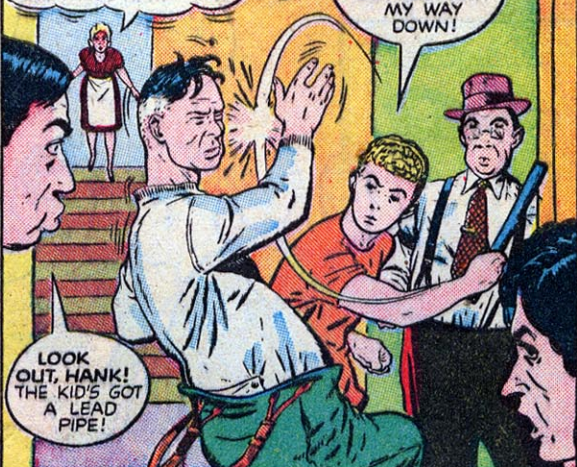
DARN THE OLD FOOLS! I AIN'T GOT TIME TO LOOK FOR THE MONEY!



STOP HIM! HE JUST RAN OUT OF MRS. GROGAN'S APARTMENT! I SAW HIM!

GO!!! FOUR FLIGHTS TO GO, BUT I'LL FIGHT MY WAY DOWN!

LOOK OUT, HANK! THE KID'S GOT A LEAD PIPE!



ONLY WINGS COULDN'T HAVE SAVED FELIX THAT DAY! HE GOT AS FAR AS THE THIRD LANDING—THEN HE WAS STOPPED! NOW IF HE'D HAD A GUN—BUT HO-HUM AND ALAS, HE DIDN'T!

LET ME GO, YOU @#!*!! OR I'LL KILL YA!

LET ME AT HIM, THE DIRTY BRAT!



IF IT'S HEADS YOU WANT BROKEN... YOU MEAN LITTLE HOODLUM!

YER GOOSE IS COOKED, YA RASCAL, AN' I OUGHTA KNOW—MANY'S THE TIME I'VE TAKEN THAT TON OF IRON ON MY CROCK FROM HER!



VERY NEAT, MRS. TUMEY! YOU NEVER GAVE YOUR HUSBAND A BETTER WHACK! WE'VE BEEN AFTER THIS YOUNG SCALLYWAG FOR WEEKS! HOW'S MRS. GROGAN?

SHE'S STILL BLEEDIN' ABOUT THE EARS, GLANCY! WE'D BEST CALL AN AMBULANCE!

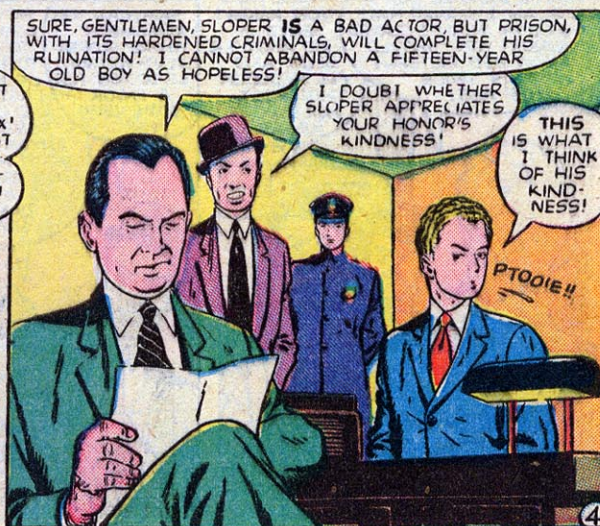
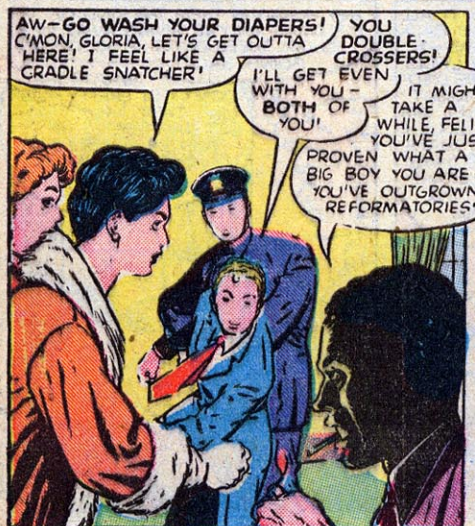
IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF SHE DON'T DIE—POOR SOUL!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHAT KINDNESS? STICKIN' ME IN WITH A BUNCH OF BABIES! I'LL BREAK OUT—I'LL BUST EVERY LAW IN THAT CRUMMY KINDERGARTEN!

YOUR HONOR, I'VE SEEN THIS KID'S TYPE—HE'S BAD, ALL BAD! HE'S GONNA RUIN THE OTHER KIDS THERE! PRISON IS THE ONLY PLACE FOR HIM—PLEASE RECONSIDER, JUDGE!

NO, LIEUTENANT—BAD AS HE IS, WE OWE HIM ONE LAST CHANCE TO REFORM!

FROM THE DAY HE ARRIVED, OCTOBER 2ND, 1912, FELIX LED THOSE REFORMATORY SAINTS A MERRY CHASE! HO, HO, WHAT HE DIDN'T DO—WHAT A GENIUS FOR SABOTAGE—WATCH THE WAY HE WENT TO TOWN!

HE STARTED BY BREAKING WINDOWS AND FURNITURE!...

THEN A FEW GAS EXPLOSIONS!

HE WAS GOOD AT STARTING CLEVER LITTLE FIRES IN CLOSETS AND BATHROOMS!



AN UNPRECEDENTED EPIDEMIC OF DISCONTENT AFFLICTED THE STUDENTS! EACH DAY ENDED WITH A NEAR RIOT!

BREAK IT UP, SLOPER!! OOOOF!!

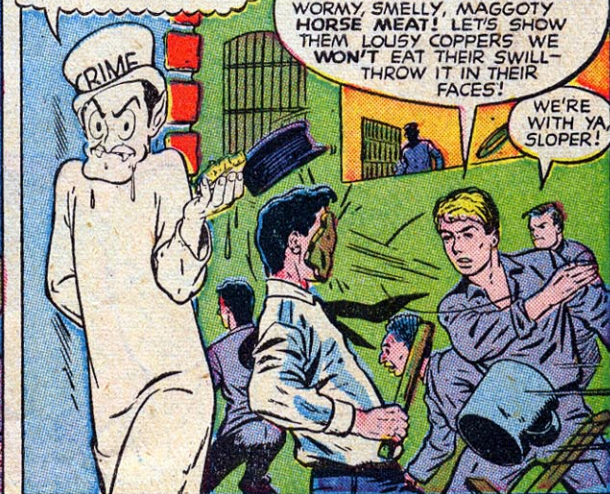
TURN ON THAT HOSE!!



IN THE MESS HALL THERE WERE FREE FOR ALLS!

YOU ALL KNOW WHAT THIS GARBAGE IS? IT'S HORSE MEAT—WORRY, SMELLY, MAGGOTY HORSE MEAT! LET'S SHOW THEM LOUSY COPPERS WE WON'T EAT THEIR SWILL—THROW IT IN THEIR FACES!

WE'RE WITH YA SLOPER!



WHO DID YOU THINK IT WAS? OF COURSE, IT'S SLOPER! THE TWO WEEK SOLITARY YOU GAVE HIM FOR PUNCHING HIS ENGLISH TEACHER DIDN'T DO ANY GOOD!

SO I SEE—BRING HIM TO ME WHEN YOU'VE GOTTEN THIS RIOT UNDER CONTROL!



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME TRYING TO MAKE US SEND YOU TO PRISON, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HERE TILL 1918, AND EVERY MINUTE OF IT. IF NEED BE, IN SOLITARY—UNTIL YOU LEARN HOW TO BE A HUMAN BEING!

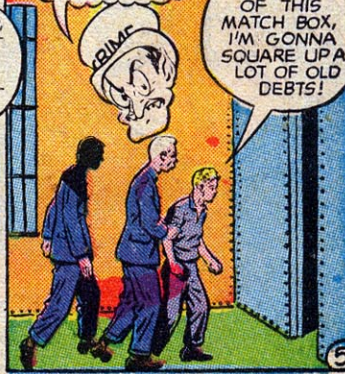
YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THIS, I SWEAR!

LET'S GO, SLOPER—TAKE IT OUT IN SHADOW-BOXING!

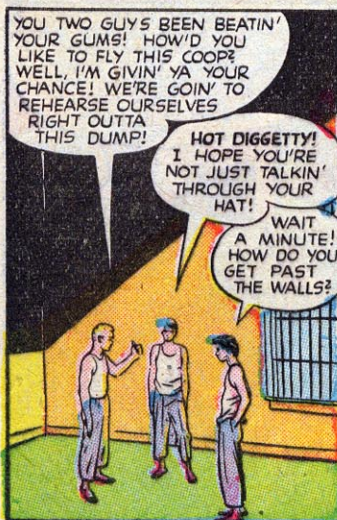


THEY WANT TO SMASH YOUR WILL—BREAK YOUR NERVE! OUT-FOX THEM, FELIX—CHANGE TACTICS—PRETEND. ACT, MAKE 'EM THINK IT'S SAFE TO TRUST YOU—THEN MAKE SUCKERS OUT OF 'EM! IN MY RACKET YOU GOTTA PLAY POSSUM SOMETIMES!

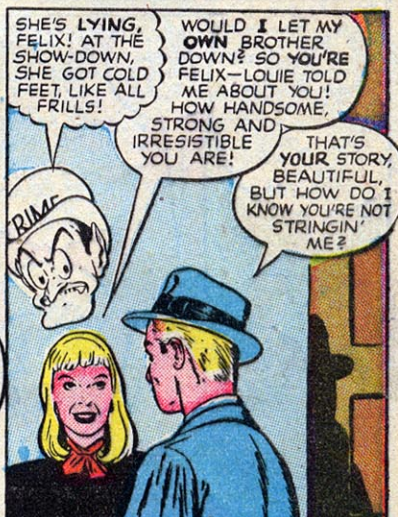
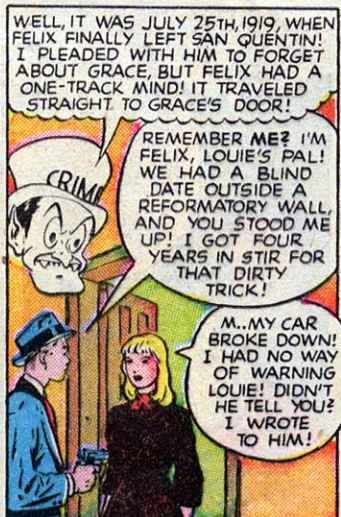
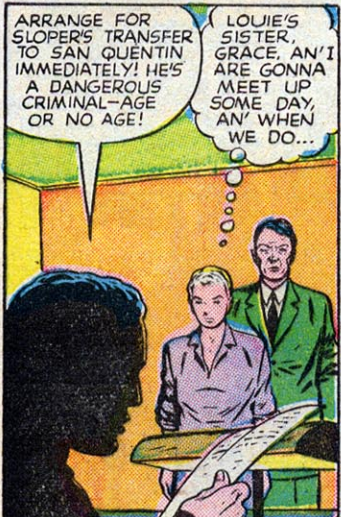
WHEN I BUST OUT OF THIS MATCH BOX, I'M GONNA SQUARE UP A LOT OF OLD DEBTS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

I SING FOR A LIVING! I'M BOOKED IN EVERY SECOND CLASS NIGHT SPOT ON THE COAST! YOU'LL HAVE TO TRAVEL PLENTY TO KEEP UP WITH ME! WHAT DO YOU DO?

BABY, HERE'S MY MAGIC CARPET!

TEN LITTLE FINGERS
TEN LITTLE TOES!

TACOMA

THAT'S IT, BUDDY—HAND IT OVER—ALL OF IT!

SAN DIEGO

DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT, CECILIA?

SACRAMENTO

DINAH, SWEET AS APPLE A CIDER...

YOU KNOW, I BEEN THINKIN'—IT'S BEEN A YEAR SINCE WE MET! YOU'RE GOIN' PLACES—SINGIN' AN' I'M MAKIN' A NICE PILE! HOW ABOUT US GETTIN' HITCHED?

LET'S NOT RUSH THINGS, FELIX!

OF COURSE NOT, GRACIE! YOU JUST KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT BIG SHOT FENCE AT THE RING-SIDE TABLE! HE'S GOT MORE DOUGH THAN FELIX!

I HAD A HARD TIME CATCHING YOUR EYE, BEAUTIFUL! HOW'D YOU GET RID OF HIM THIS TIME, GRACIE?

I TOLD HIM THAT I'D MEET HIM LATER AT A PARTY HE'S GOING TO, BUT THINGS CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS—YOU'VE GOT TO FIGURE SOME WAY TO GET RID OF HIM, STEVE! HE'S GETTING ON MY NERVES!

I'VE GOT A PLAN WHICH DEALS WITH THE PAROLE REGULATIONS! MEANWHILE, HERE'S A LITTLE TRIFLE THAT CAME MY WAY TODAY—ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A FENCE, MY DEAR! IT'S YOURS, BUT DON'T WEAR IT TO NO POLICEMEN'S BALL!

A DIAMOND BRACELET! OH, STEVE, IT'S WONDERFUL!

AND TO THINK THAT MY LITTLE SAP, FELIX, OFFERED HER MARRIAGE! HA, HA, HA!

BUT FELIX'S SUSPICIONS WON'T BE AROUSED! HE WAS TOO VAIN TO THINK THAT A GAL COULD GIVE HIM THE AIR FOR ANYBODY!

CRIME

PRETEND YOU'RE DOING THIS OUT OF JEALOUSY! IT'LL CONFUSE HIS EMOTIONS!

CRIME

I TAKE IT YOU'RE FELIX—I'M INEZ! I DANCE AT GRACE'S NIGHT SPOT! SHE HAS A SLIGHT HEADACHE, AND ASKED ME TO ENTERTAIN YOU UNTIL SHE GETS HERE!

SURE THING, BABY—YOU CAN SUB FOR ANY DAME, ANY TIME!

THERE'S YOUR MAN, OFFICER—HE'S FELIX SLOPER, EX-CONVICT, AND THE DIRTY TWO-TIMER'S CARRYING A GUN WITHOUT A LICENSE!

HEY! WHAT KINDA FRAME IS THIS?

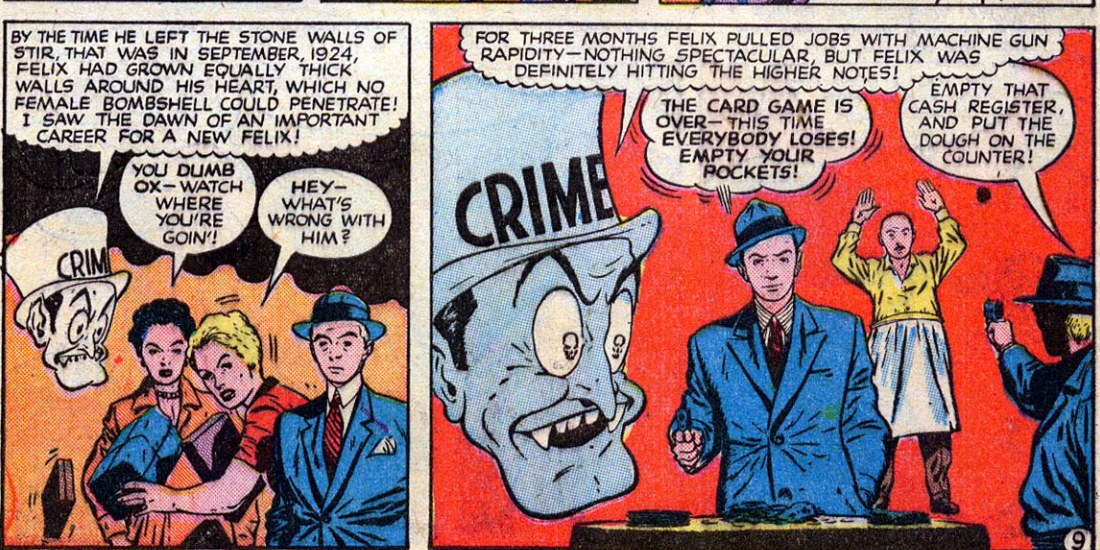
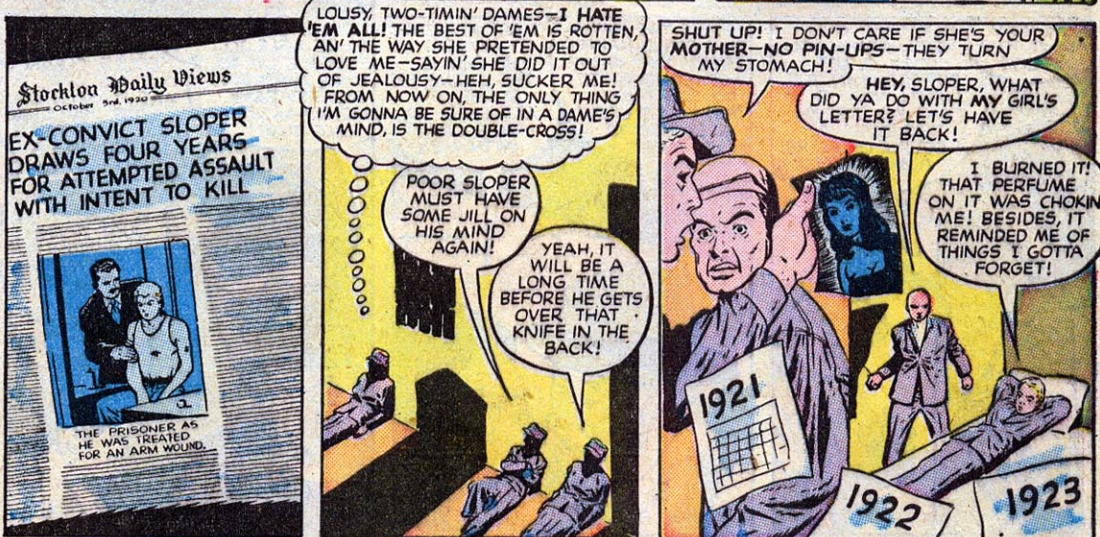
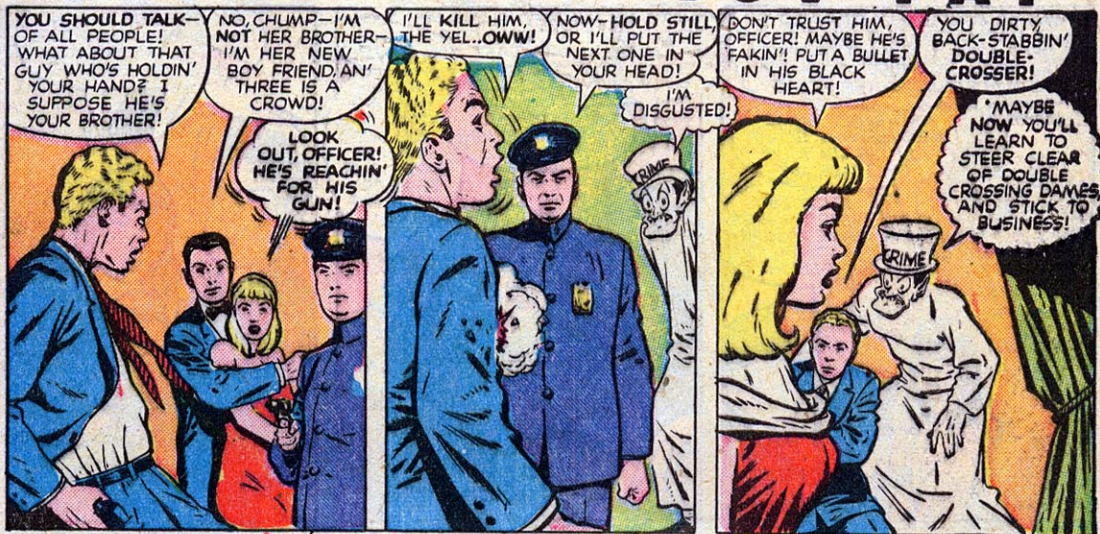
ME, A TWO-TIMER? YOU'RE CRAZY—WHERE YOU BEEN? I THOUGHT YOU HAD A HEADACHE!

STOP ALIBING, YOU CHEAT! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD NOW!

FREEZE WHERE YOU ARE!

GET YOUR HANDS UP, SLOPER!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

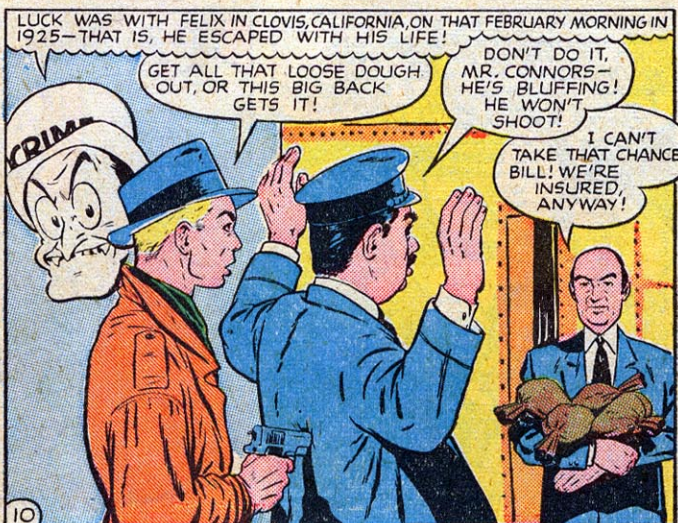


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I WAS SO COMPLETELY STUNNED BY WHAT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT EARLY IN DECEMBER, I ALMOST DROPPED DEAD FROM SURPRISE! IT STARTED OUT AS ONE OF FELIX'S ROUTINE HEISTS!



THAT'S MY HUNDRED BUCKS YOU TOOK FROM HIM! I INTENDED TO ROLL THIS GOB MYSELF! THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS SPLIT THE TAKE FIFTY-FIFTY!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY.



NOW I'M GETTING MORE ATTACHED TO YOU, FELIX—NEARLY FOUR THOUSAND—SAY, THAT'S NOT BAD! NOW WE CAN START LIVING RIGHT! GIVE YOUR PARTNER A BIG KISS!



SO YOU THOUGHT I WAS A SMALL-TIMER, EH, TRIXIE? I TOLD YOU STICK-UPS WAS ONLY MY FILL-IN STUFF! BANKS ARE MY REAL MEAT, BUT THERE'S ONE THING YOU GOTTA KNOW, BABY, AN' MAKE WHAT I TELL YA STICK—DON'T CROSS ME!

IF I DID, IT WOULD BE LIKE DOUBLE-CROSSING MYSELF! WHAT A SAP I'D BE!

MAYBE I'M WRONG ABOUT THIS DAME BEING A JINX!



IT'S A CINCINCH HE WAS NEW AT THE BANK GAME! HE LEFT HIS PAW PRINTS ALL OVER THIS SERVICE TABLE!

HE WAS STANDING THERE FOR A WHILE, PRETENDING TO BE MAKING OUT A DEPOSIT SLIP! THEN HE SHOVED HIS GUN IN MY BACK!

IF THE GUY HAS A RECORD, HE'S A DEAD DUCK! WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?

"THEY FOUND A RECORD, ALL RIGHT! IN A MATTER OF DAYS, FELIX SLOPER'S MUG WAS GLARING FROM EVERY NEWSPAPER AND POST OFFICE IN CALIFORNIA!"



WANTED
FELIX SLOPER
BANK ROBBERY

SLOPER IS FIVE FEET EIGHT INCHES...WEIGHT 160...BLOND HAIR...

WHAT YOU NEED TO HIDE IN, MISTER OSTRICH, IS A BUCKET OF SAND—AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE A SMART OPERATOR!

STOP RIDIN' ME, WILL YA, TRIXIE? WE'VE GOT TO GET TO FRISCO! I'LL GET LOST EASY IN THAT BIG TOWN, SO STOP FLAPPIN' YOUR JAW!



WHAT GOOD IS YOUR MONEY IN THIS CRUMMY HIDEOUT? GET WISE TO YOURSELF—YOU HAVEN'T EATEN A DECENT MEAL IN WEEKS! WHAT A STUMBLE-BUM I TIED UP WITH!

WHAT DO YA WANT ME TO DO—SURRENDER TO THE NEAREST COPE? I PULLED THAT CLOVIS JOB FOR YOU—THE LEAST YOU CAN DO IS STOP NEEDLING ME!



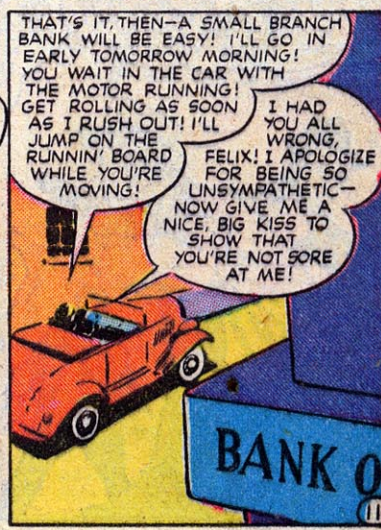
I CAN'T LIVE LIKE A RAT IN A HOLE—I'M YOUNG! I NEED A GOOD TIME! EITHER I GET IT, OR I WALK OUT ON YOU—THAT'S HOW IT IS! START THINKING, BIG SHOT, BECAUSE AFTER TONIGHT, I'M FREE LANCING!

FOR TWO CENTS, I'D SAY GO TO...HEY!



LOOK AT THIS AD, TRIXIE, IT'S ALL ABOUT MEXICO CITY! WE'D BE SAFE OVER THE BORDER, IF I PULLED ONE MORE BIG JOB IN FRISCO! WE COULD LIVE LIKE KINGS THERE, UNTIL THINGS BLOW OVER!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING—LET'S GET OUT AND LOOK THINGS OVER!

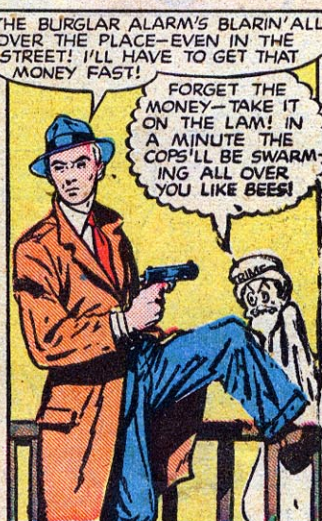


THAT'S IT, THEN—A SMALL BRANCH BANK WILL BE EASY! I'LL GO IN EARLY TOMORROW MORNING! YOU WAIT IN THE CAR WITH THE MOTOR RUNNING! GET ROLLING AS SOON AS I RUSH OUT! I'LL JUMP ON THE RUNNIN' BOARD WHILE YOU'RE MOVING!

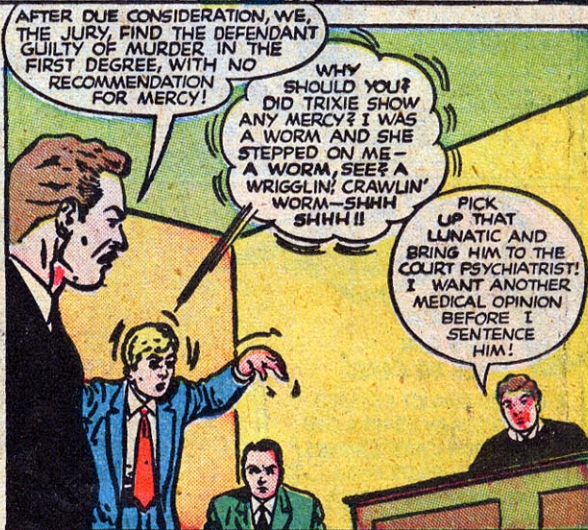
I HAD YOU ALL WRONG, FELIX! I APOLOGIZE FOR BEING SO UNSYMPATHETIC—NOW GIVE ME A NICE, BIG KISS TO SHOW THAT YOU'RE NOT SORE AT ME!

BANK 0

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ON THE LEVEL by C.H. MOORE

HOLD THE PHONE!

THREE ARMED BANDITS
HELD UP A GAS STATION
IN Rahway, N. J.
THE TELEPHONE RECEIVER
WAS OFF THE HOOK AND
THE OPERATOR HEARD
THE BANDITS SAY
"STICK 'EM UP!"
THE TELEPHONE
OPERATOR NOTIFIED
THE POLICE AND
THEY GREETED
THE BANDITS AS
THEY WALKED OUT
OF THE GAS STATION!



MRS. RUTH McBRIDE

Pittsburgh, Pa.

SURPRISED THE THIEF WHO TRIED TO
SNATCH HER PURSE - SHE CHASED
AND CAUGHT HIM IN AN ALLEY
AND GAVE HIM A BEATING!

C.H. MOORE



**THIS GUN
TAKES THE CAKE!**

A FRENCH CONVICT ESCAPED
FROM PRISON BY USING A GUN
MADE FROM CAKE CRUMBS!
HE MADE A PASTE OF THE
CRUMBS AND MOULDED THEM
INTO THE SHAPE OF A GUN!

**A
CHARLES
LITTLE**

ATTRACTED THE
ATTENTION OF
THE KANSAS POLICE

BECAUSE HE HAD GREEN HAIR!

QUESTIONED ABOUT IT - HE CONFESSED THAT
HE HAD DESERTED THE U.S. NAVY AND
HAD BLEACHED HIS HAIR
TO CHANGE HIS LOOKS
- IT TURNED GREEN!

- AND
WAS HIS
FACE RED!

**SAFES AND THEIR
LOCK MECHANISMS
ARE NOT PATENTED
BECAUSE THE PLANS
OF A PATENT ARE
PUBLIC PROPERTY
AND CAN BE SEEN BY
ANY CITIZEN!**
- IT WOULD BE TOO
HELPFUL FOR CROOKS

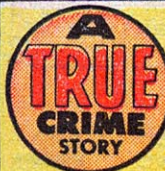


SNEEZELESS SOAP POWDER WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
ARREST OF EMANUEL CLIFTON, WHO ATTEMPTED TO ROB
A WAREHOUSE IN Washington, D.C. - THE BURGLAR ALARM
SOUNDED AND HE HID BEHIND SOME BOXES OF SNEEZELESS
SOAP POWDER - HE SNEEZED AND WAS CAPTURED!

A BEGGAR IN NEW YORK CITY
PRETENDED TO BE DEAF -
EVERY ATTEMPT OF THE POLICE
TO PROVE THAT HE COULD HEAR
FAILED, UNTIL ONE EXPERT
TAPPED A CLUB ON
THE FLOOR BEHIND
THE BEGGAR -
THE MAN DIDN'T
MOVE, WHICH WAS
PROOF THAT HE
COULD HEAR!
A DEAF PERSON
WOULD HAVE FELT
THE VIBRATION
AND TURNED ABOUT



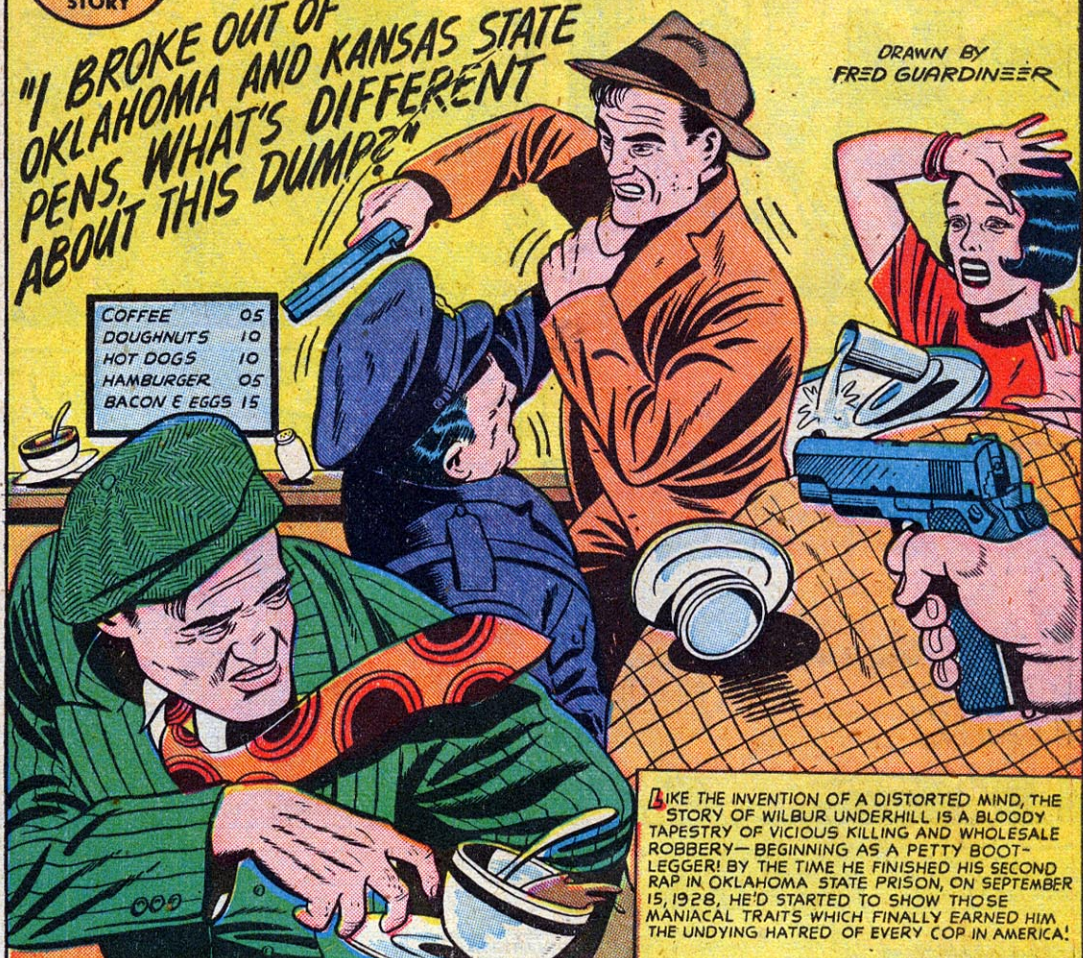
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WILBUR UNDERHILL

"I BROKE OUT OF OKLAHOMA AND KANSAS STATE PENS, WHAT'S DIFFERENT ABOUT THIS DUMP?"

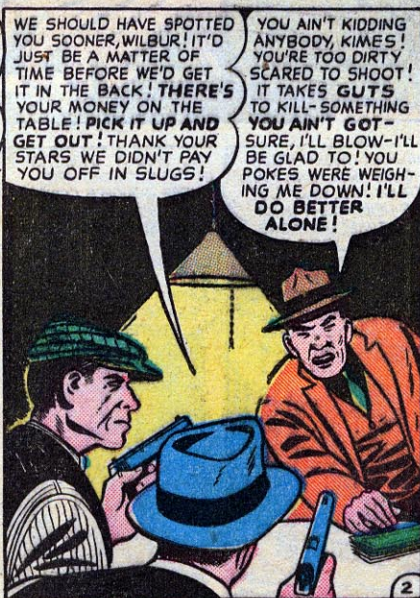
DRAWN BY
FRED GUARDINEER



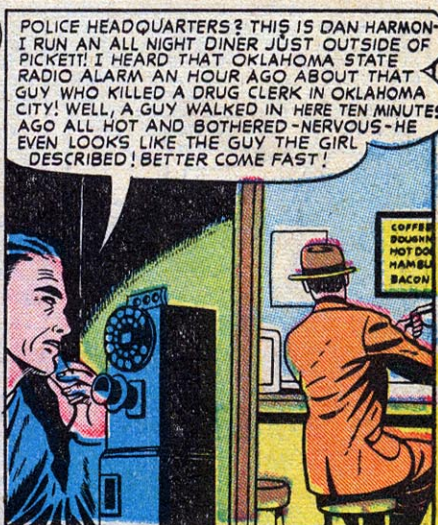
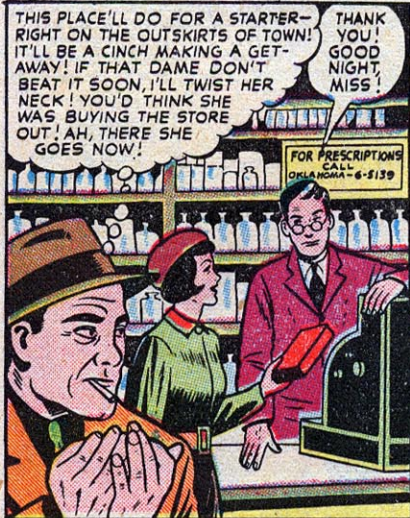
LIKE THE INVENTION OF A DISTORTED MIND, THE STORY OF WILBUR UNDERHILL IS A BLOODY TAPESTRY OF VICIOUS KILLING AND WHOLESALE ROBBERY—BEGINNING AS A PETTY BOOT-LEGGER! BY THE TIME HE FINISHED HIS SECOND RAP IN OKLAHOMA STATE PRISON, ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1928, HE'D STARTED TO SHOW THOSE MANIACAL TRAITS WHICH FINALLY EARNED HIM THE UNDYING HATRED OF EVERY COP IN AMERICA!



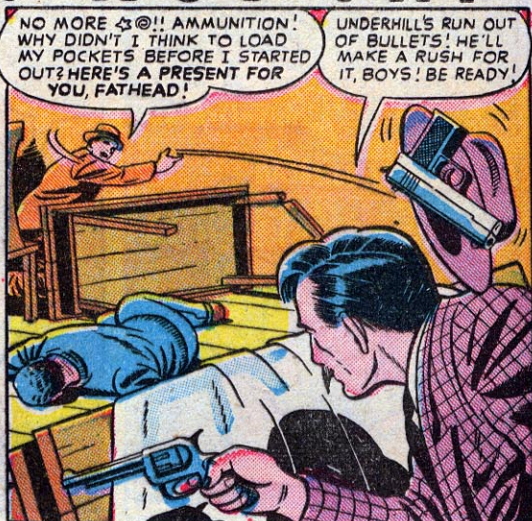
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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NOW LET THEM CATCH ME, THE DIRTY SCREWS! I HOPE THEY GET CANNED FOR THIS!

CAN'T ANYBODY STOP HIM?

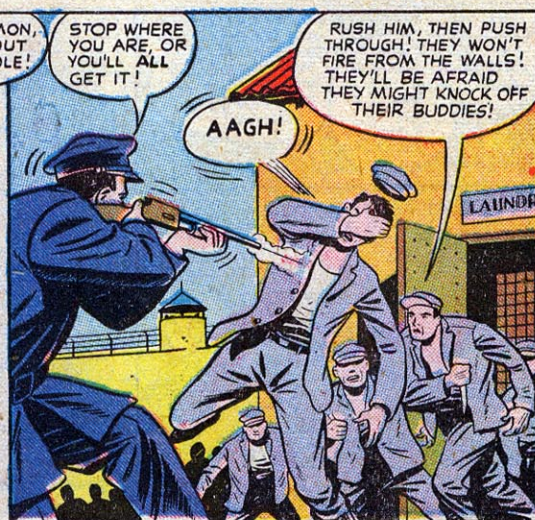
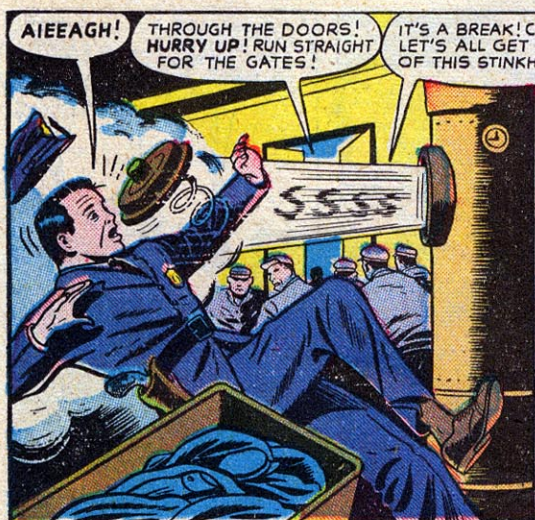
BANG!

WISH I'D SWIPED BETTER DUDS! STILL, THEY'RE BETTER THAN THEM CHAIN GANG STRIPES! WE'RE COMING INTO WICHITA! I CAN LOSE MYSELF EASY IN A BURG THIS SIZE! THINK! I'LL STICK AROUND, ROUND UP A FEW BUCKS FOR A GUN, AND SOCKO, I'M OPEN FOR BUSINESS!

THIS IS THE SOFTEST BURG I EVER OPERATED IN—FIVE STRAIGHT HEISTS—AN' NO OPPOSITION! WHERE'S WICHITA BEEN ALL MY LIFE? I COULD GET AROUND FASTER IN A CAR—THAT'S MY NEXT STEP!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



DEAD AS A DOORNAIL, EH? I KNEW WE HIT HIM!

AND THE REST OF THAT RAT'S NEST HAVE BEEN TAKEN! THEY'RE ALL NUTS TO THINK THEY CAN WIN!

YEAH, BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO LEARN! THEY HAVE TO DIE AND HAVE IT POUNDED INTO THEIR HEADS WITH HOT LEAD-THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!

THIS IS YOUR PAGE

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

\$2⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED **\$2⁰⁰**

Dear Reader:

In every issue of CRIME DOES NOT PAY this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of CRIME DOES NOT PAY we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

My friend's father is a deputy sheriff and we have seen some of the prisoners he brought to jail. There is a big stack of CRIME DOES NOT PAY books in the sheriff's office for the inmates to read. I believe these magazines help keep the men on the right road after they have paid their debt to society.

Sincerely, Richard McIntyre

719 East Third Avenue, Flint 4, Michigan

That sheriff has the interest of the community at heart. The supply of CRIME DOES NOT PAY is way below the demand. Nevertheless, we wish every jail, reform school, and prison in the country would make use of its tremendous corrective force.

My initials are L. P. D. and I'm serving time in the Louisiana Training Institute. My Dad sent me some CRIME DOES NOT PAY magazines and I decided to play it smart and go straight as soon as I get out. Thanks for your helpful magazine.

Don't send me any money if I win. I just want to encourage other boys to lead the clean and straight life that I so foolishly passed by.

Yours truly, L. P. D.
Monroe, Louisiana

See what we mean? (You will receive subscriptions to our magazines instead.)

Jim and I have been married for two years. During this time, we have really had to struggle to live in this expensive world. At times I thought about making a little 'easy money', but then I started reading CRIME DOES NOT PAY. Due to this great publication, I kept on the right track, and now we have a nice home and a beautiful baby girl. I want to convey my deepest gratitude to the editors of CRIME DOES NOT PAY for contributing to my happiness.

Thank you, Mrs. James Rogers

General Delivery, Pioneer, California

Any accelerated effort of our staff and CRIME

DOES NOT PAY's subsequent rise in quality is inspired by letters such as yours.

I was reading a comic book in study hall, which is not permitted, when a teacher caught me. When he saw the name of the magazine I was reading, he let me finish it, because he enjoys it himself. Of course, it was CRIME DOES NOT PAY. You see, we kids are not the only ones who read it. I can hardly wait for the next issue. I wish it would be printed every week.

Thanks, Thomas Heisey

186 North Main St., Marheim, Pa.

For reasons beyond our control, we can't grant your wish completely, but if you will watch the newsstands, you will find our new publication called CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. It is, we think, a worthy running-mate to CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

Pen-pals in Norway, Italy, and England have asked me to write to you and congratulate you on your fine work in showing today's youth the difference between right and wrong. I send my brother's comic books to them, and they are really appreciated. There's no need telling you which three of all the comics are liked best, for they are top favorites with everyone for their frank stories and well-drawn and easily understood pictures.

Keep up the good work and you'll have world-wide followers.

Yours truly, Nick J. Pathiakio

29 Burmah St., Mattapan Sq., Boston, Mass.

We hope that some day within our lifetimes there will be no more need for pen-pals—that a trip across an ocean will be no more of an effort than a short ride on a bus, and that national boundaries will be something used only by surveyors for the sale of real estate. The town, the county, the borough, the city, the state, and the country work in harmony—the next step is the world.

Good luck to your pen-pals.

Please try to limit your letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to CRIME DOES NOT PAY, 114 East 32 Street, New York 16, New York.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



PAUL CHRETIEN

FATHER OF MURDERERS

WITH MODERN SCIENTIFIC METHODS, THIS CRIMINAL WOULD HAVE BEEN NIPPED IN THE BUD, AND THE STREETS OF FRANCE WOULD HAVE BEEN SAFE TO WALK-INSTEAD OF THE TERROR THEY WERE FOR FOUR GENERATIONS!



THIS HEART-PULSING SAGA BEGINS IN CLERMONT, FRANCE, ABOUT 1825! IT IS A TRUE STORY, THOUGH AT TIMES YOU MAY QUESTION ITS CREDITABILITY!

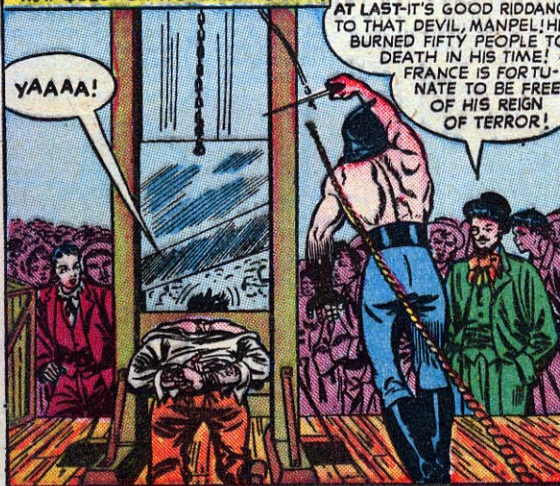
AT LAST-IT'S GOOD RIDDANCE TO THAT DEVIL, MANPEL! HE BURNED FIFTY PEOPLE TO DEATH IN HIS TIME! FRANCE IS FORTUNATE TO BE FREE OF HIS REIGN OF TERROR!

YAAAA!

OUI! IF THERE'S ONE HEAD I LIKE TO SEE DROP INTO THAT BASKET-IT'S THE HEAD OF A BLOODY INCENDIARY! AND MANPEL'S THE LIKES OF WHICH I'VE NEVER SEEN!

LISTEN TO THEM GLOAT-THE DEVILS- WHILE MY POOR FATHER LIES HEADLESS ON THE BLOCK!

LOWER YOUR VOICE, MADELINE! YOU MIGHT BE OVERHEARD! WE WILL HAVE OUR REVENGE, IF IT TAKES THE LAST OF OUR GENERATION!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



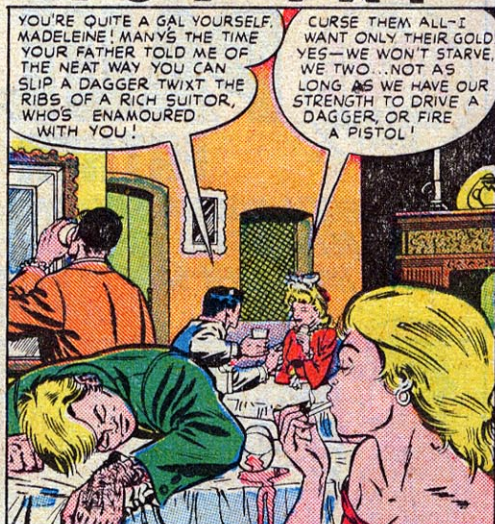
IF YOU LOVE THE MEMORY OF YOUR FATHER, MARRY ME! WE SHALL RAISE A FAMILY OF SUCH MURDEROUS ROGUES THAT THE WORLD WILL SHUDDER AT THE MENTION OF THEIR NAMES!

I'M FOND OF YOU, PAUL! YOU DO REMIND ME A LOT OF MY FATHER-THOUGH YOU HAVEN'T KILLED AS MANY MEN AS HE-NOR WILL YOU EVER BE AS CUNNING!



I DON'T MEAN TO TAKE AWAY FROM HIS GREATNESS, BUT HE LOST HIS HEAD, DIDN'T HE? DO YOU CALL THAT CUNNING? I AM YOUNGER! GIVE ME TIME, MADELEINE! I'M BUT 25-AND ALREADY I HAVE KILLED MORE THAN A DOZEN MEN! TWO SCORE MORE HAVE I MAIMED FOR LIFE! WHAT OTHER BACHELOR-THIEF IN CLERMONT CAN SAY THE SAME?

I AGREE, PAUL! YOU ARE QUITE A CATCH!



YOU'RE QUITE A GAL YOURSELF, MADELEINE! MANY'S THE TIME YOUR FATHER TOLD ME OF THE NEAT WAY YOU CAN SLIB A DAGGER TWIXT THE RIBS OF A RICH SUITOR, WHOS' ENAMOUR'D WITH YOU!

CURSE THEM ALL-I WANT ONLY THEIR GOLD! YES-WE WON'T STARVE, WE TWO...NOT AS LONG AS WE HAVE OUR STRENGTH TO DRIVE A DAGGER, OR FIRE A PISTOL!



PAUL! LOOK! ON HER FINGER! HOW ABOUT THAT ONE FOR MY WEDDING RING!

NO MADELEINE! IT'S SCARCELY ONE CARAT! MY BRIDE SHALL HAVE NOTHING BUT THE BEST! I THINK I SEE THE STONE FOR YOU... COME, WE'LL WAIT FOR THEM OUTSIDE!



THE WOMAN IS YOURS, MADELEINE! STRIKE SWIFTLY, LIKE A CAT!

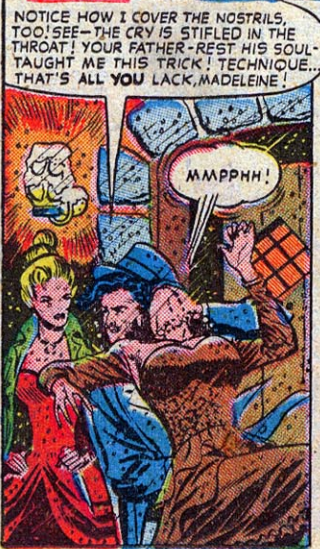
LEAVE HER TO ME!



J-JEAN! J-JEAN... YIIIIII!

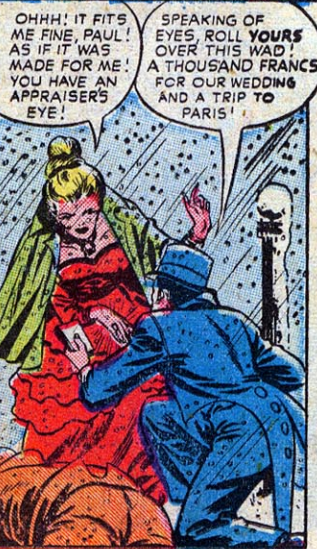
COVER HER MOUTH, MADELEINE, OR SHE'LL BRING EVERY GENDARME IN CLERMONT TO THIS STREET CORNER!

MMPHH!



NOTICE HOW I COVER THE NOSTRILS, TOO! SEE-THE CRY IS STIFLED IN THE THROAT! YOUR FATHER-REST HIS SOUL-TAUGHT ME THIS TRICK! TECHNIQUE... THAT'S ALL YOU LACK, MADELEINE!

MMPHH!



OH! IT FITS ME FINE, PAUL! AS IF IT WAS MADE FOR ME! YOU HAVE AN APPRAISER'S EYE!

SPEAKING OF EYES, ROLL YOURS OVER THIS WAD! A THOUSAND FRANCES FOR OUR WEDDING AND A TRIP TO PARIS!

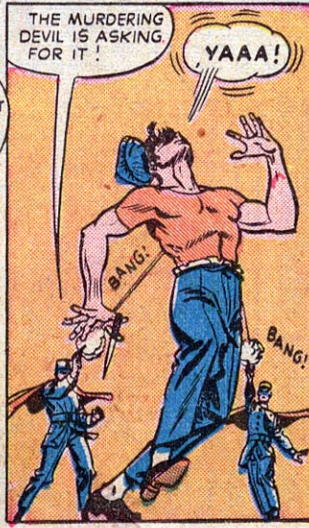
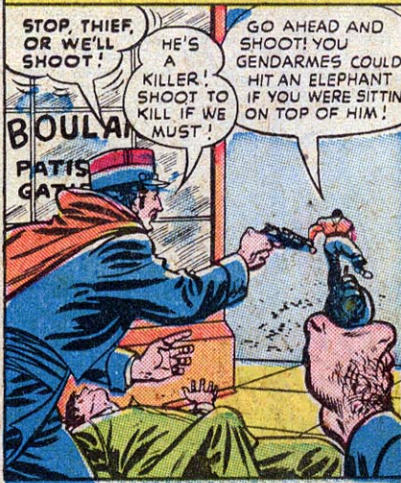


IT'S A BOY, PAUL! HE'S YOUR SPITTING IMAGE! LET'S CALL HIM JEAN, AFTER THE MAN WHO MADE OUR HONEYMOON POSSIBLE! REMEMBER?

HE'LL BE A STRONG ONE, THE LITTLE ASSASSIN! YOU WATCH AND SEE! I SHALL TEACH HIM EVERYTHING I KNOW! WE'LL PLUNDER TOGETHER!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT ALAS—FATE DECREED OTHERWISE!
JEAN WAS BUT FOUR YEARS OLD, WHEN...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



IT'S PIETRO!
GRAB THE
WITCH!

NO, YOU
DON'T!
YOU SHE-
DEVIL!

RUN
JEAN!
RUN!
RUN!

I COULDN'T
CATCH THE
KID! I LOST
HIM IN THE
DARK!

YOU'LL PART
WITH YOUR
HEAD FOR THIS,
YOU LOATHSOME
WENCH!

MY HUSBAND
WAS RIGHT, I'VE
NEVER REALLY
LEARNED TO
STIFLE THEIR
SCREAMS!

I SHALL BE BRAVE
FOR JEAN'S SAKE!
HE'S IN GOOD HANDS!
CHARLES THE CUT-
THROAT WILL RAISE
HIM IN THE RIGHT
FASHION!

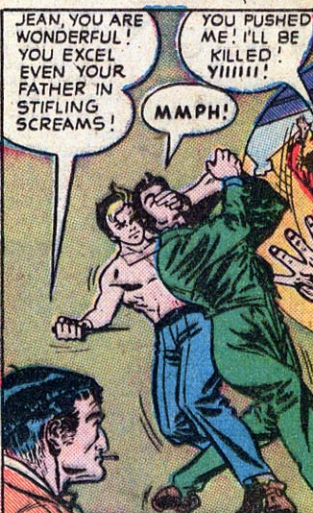
DO NOT TREMBLE,
JEAN! IF YOU'RE
CLEVER AND SKILLED,
YOU'LL NEVER LOSE
YOUR HEAD! YOUR
MOTHER'S LAST
WISH WAS FOR
YOU TO FOLLOW IN
YOUR FATHER'S
FOOTSTEPS!



YOU'LL SEE, JEAN!
UNDER MY INSTRU-
CTION YOU WILL
SURPASS EVEN
YOUR FATHER'S
REPUTATION!

I WILL BE A
GOOD STUDENT,
MON CHARLES!
TEACH ME HOW
NOT TO GET
CAUGHT LIKE
MY BLUNDERING
FATHER AND
MOTHER DID!

BOOO!



JEAN, YOU ARE
WONDERFUL!
YOU EXCEL
EVEN YOUR
FATHER IN
STIFLING
SCREAMS!

YOU PUSHED
ME! I'LL BE
KILLED!
YIIIIII!

MMPH!

YOU'LL ONLY FALL THREE
STORIES, YOU UGLY
CHAMBERMAID! DID YOU
THINK A HANDSOME
MAN LIKE ME COULD LIKE
ANYTHING BUT YOUR
MONEY?

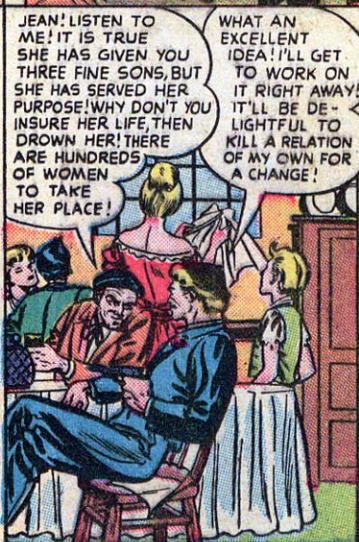
NO, JEAN,
PRESS YOUR
THUMBS
AGAINST
HIS ADAMS
APPLE!
THAT'S IT!

URRGH!



JEAN, YOU HAVE
BEEN MARRIED
FOR OVER EIGHT
YEARS! WHAT
HAS YOUR WIFE,
BERNICE, CON-
TRIBUTED TO
YOUR PROSPERITY?

CHARLES! I'M
GETTING THE
HANG OF THIS
PISTOL! DO
YOU KNOW-I
KILL ON THE
AVERAGE OF
TWO MEN A
WEEK, AND I'M
IMPROVING
EVERY DAY!



JEAN! LISTEN TO
ME! IT IS TRUE
SHE HAS GIVEN YOU
THREE FINE SONS, BUT
SHE HAS SERVED HER
PURPOSE! WHY DON'T YOU
INSURE HER LIFE, THEN
DROWN HER! THERE
ARE HUNDREDS
OF WOMEN
TO TAKE
HER PLACE!

WHAT AN
EXCELLENT
IDEA! I'LL GET
TO WORK ON
IT RIGHT AWAY!
IT'LL BE DE-
LIGHTFUL TO
KILL A RELATION
OF MY OWN FOR
A CHANGE!



SORRY, BERNICE, BUT I'VE THREE
SONS TO CARRY ON THE TRADITIONS
OF THE CHRETIENS! I'VE NO FURTHER
NEED OF YOU!

OR FOR YOU
EITHER, CHARLES!
YOU CHATTERING
OLD SOUSE!

HMM! SHE
DROWNS SLOWLY!
HER LUNGS
MUST BE BIG
AS BARRELS!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

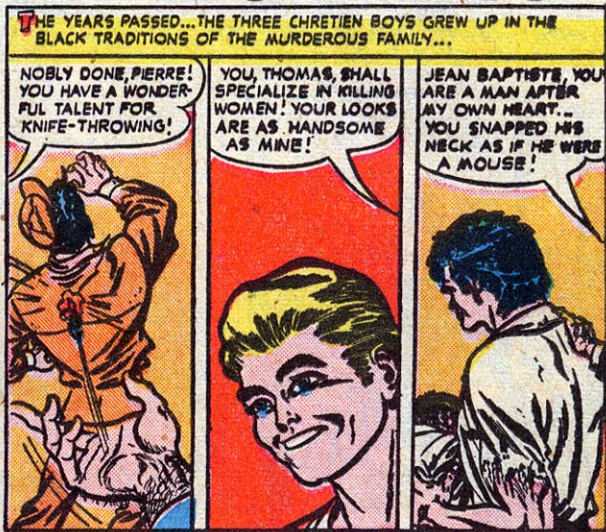


AMAZING! HOW SLOWLY SHE DIED, EH, JEAN? SHE... UGGHH!

I HOPE YOU'LL GO MORE QUICKLY, YOU CHATTER-BOX!



JUST AS I THOUGHT ONE KEY TO YOUR ATTIC AND ONE KEY TO YOUR STRONG-BOX! THERE MUST BE A LIFETIME OF LOOT HIDDEN THERE! I'LL BUY FRESH KNIVES FOR MY SONS, WITH PEARL-SET HANDLES!



NOBLY DONE, PIERRE! YOU HAVE A WONDERFUL TALENT FOR KNIFE-THROWING!

YOU, THOMAS, SHALL SPECIALIZE IN KILLING WOMEN! YOUR LOOKS ARE AS HANDSOME AS MINE!

JEAN BAPTISTE, YOU ARE A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART... YOU SNAPPED HIS NECK AS IF HE WERE A MOUSE!

AS THE YEARS PASSED, JEAN'S THREE SONS BECAME FATHERS—JEAN NOW HAD FOUR GRANDSONS!



THIS PHOTOGRAPH! IT WARMS MY HEART! JUST THINK, OUR SMALL ARMY OF CRIME RESISTING THE LURE OF HONESTY, FIGHTING AGAINST PERILOUS ODDS AND EMERGING VICTORIOUS AGAINST A UNIVERSE OF STUPID, LAW-ABIDING MEN!

ENOUGH ORATORY, FATHER! WE HAVE WORK TO DO! THAT CARD PARTY WON'T LAST FOREVER! COME!



FOUR ACES! I WIN!

NOT BY OUR RULES OF THE GAME, FOOL! FOUR GUNS ALWAYS TAKE THE POT!



GET THAT ONE! HE'S GOING THROUGH THE WINDOW!

I'VE EMPTIED MY PISTOL INTO HIM, BUT HE REFUSES TO DROP!



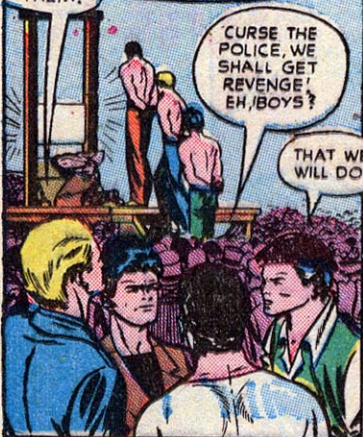
YOU WERE SMART BY PRETENDING TO BE DEAD! YOU SAVED YOUR LIFE! CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE FOUR KILLERS?

OUI! THEY ALL LOOKED SOMEWHAT ALIKE! THEY WERE RELATIVES, I THINK!

IT MUST BE THE CHRETIENS! IF YOU CAN IDENTIFY THESE KILLERS, THEIR HEADS ARE AS GOOD AS IN THE BASKET!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NOW LET US MOURN OUR DEAR GRANDFATHER, JEAN, AND OUR FATHERS, PIERRE, THOMAS AND JEAN BAPTISTE! WE WILL GROW UP TO BE WORTHY OF THEM!



'CURSE THE POLICE, WE SHALL GET REVENGE! EH, BOYS?

THAT WE WILL DO!

WE FOUR ARE ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE FAMILY - THE FAMOUS NAME OF CHRETIEN! WE MUST ALL GET MARRIED AND RAISE MANY SONS! IT IS UP TO US TO PERPETUATE THE FAME OF OUR NAME!



YOU, BAPTISTE, ARE THE STRONGEST AND THE MOST VICIOUS! YOU MUST LEAD THE WAY!

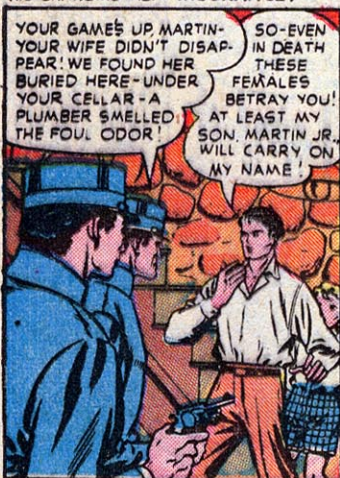
NO! WE SHOULD WORK SEPARATELY! OUR FATHERS AND UNCLES WORKED TOGETHER, AND WHERE DID IT GET THEM?

INSPECTOR! DO YOU KNOW WHOM YOU SHOT? NONE OTHER THAN THOMAS CHRETIEN! HOW DID YOU EVER GET YOUR SIGHTS ON HIM??



I SPENT WEEKS WALKING THE STREETS, WAITING TO BE LURED INTO A TRAP BY ONE OF THEM! WHEN HE APPROACHED ME, I WAS READY! OUR WORK IS NOT DONE! THERE ARE THREE COUSINS LEFT - ALL KILLERS!

MARTIN KILLED HIS WIFE FOR THE SAME REASON HIS GRANDFATHER, JEAN, KILLED HIS GRANDMOTHER - INSURANCE!



YOUR GAMES UP, MARTIN - YOUR WIFE DIDN'T DISAPPEAR! WE FOUND HER BURIED HERE - UNDER YOUR CELLAR - A PLUMBER SMELLED THE FOUL ODOR!

SO - EVEN IN DEATH THESE FEMALES BETRAY YOU! AT LEAST MY SON, MARTIN JR., WILL CARRY ON MY NAME!

[IN THE NEXT GENERATION, MARTIN JR. CARRIED ON HIS EVIL FATHER'S NAME - TO DEVILS ISLAND, WHERE HE DIED SOON AFTER HIS ARRIVAL!



WE'RE THE ONLY CLEVER WING IN THIS FAMILY! FIFTEEN YEARS OF MURDER AND WE'RE STILL FREE LIKE THE WIND!

STOP BOASTING RAOUL, WE'VE GOT THAT OLD MISER TO KILL IN HALF AN HOUR!

IF FATHER AND MOTHER ONLY KNEW THAT MISER THEY WENT TO KILL WAS A POLICE INSPECTOR IN DISGUISE! THEY WERE CARELESS AND STUPID - BUT NOT US!



WE SHALL BENEFIT FROM THEIR MISTAKE! NOW ONLY SEVEN OF US ARE LEFT! WE ARE THE FOURTH GENERATION! WE MUST OUTDO ALL THE OTHERS!

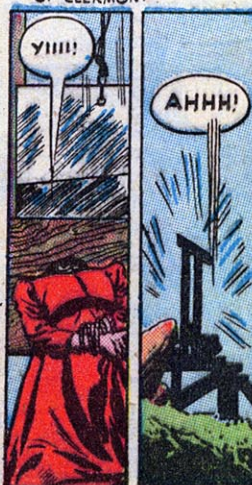
THE NEW CROP OF CHRETIENS CARRIED ON FOR YEARS! ALMOST DAILY, BLOOD FLOWED IN THE STREETS OF CLERMONT...



YIIII!

AHHH!

...AND ON THE GUILLOTINES OF CLERMONT



YIIII!

AHHH!

UNTIL ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF FOUR GENERATIONS OF CHRETIENS WERE EIGHTEEN TOMBSTONES IN A CLERMONT GRAVEYARD, FOR BY THIS TIME THE FRENCH POLICE WERE ACQUIRING THE MOST SCIENTIFIC METHODS OF THAT DAY! AND THE CHRETIENS WERE SOME OF THE EARLIEST SUBJECTS OF THEIR EFFECTIVENESS!



PAUL CHRETIEN

JEAN CHRETIEN

MADELINE CHRETIEN

THOMAS CHRETIEN

RAOUL CHRETIEN

MARTIN CHRETIEN

AND ONE ON DEVILS ISLAND!

THE END

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THIS IS OUR TESTIMONY!

WE DON'T HAVE TO BLOW OFF A LOT OF BUNK, IN SLEEK AND SLIPPERY ADVERTISING LINGO!

ALL LETTERS AND PACKAGES ADDRESSED TO INMATES MUST CONTAIN FULL NAME AND REGISTER NUMBER

MISSOURI STATE PENITENTIARY INSPECTED AND PASSED

JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI

MAIL OFFICE 4

Prisoners must strictly comply with the following: They may write but to exceed ten letters each week. They are not allowed to use the initials of any kind. Newspapers and other reading matter must be received direct from the publishers, or their agents. The receipt of goods and services is fully released; prisoners should be encouraged to be good. All outgoing letters must be written on this stationery and must not exceed one sheet of paper, and on one side of paper only. Do NOT SEND MONEY IN ANY OTHER FORM THAN BY POSTOFFICE OR EXPRESS MONEY ORDER, AND MADE PAYABLE TO THE MISSOURI STATE PRISON

Name Charles Bird

Relationship Friend

Street Number 114 E. 32th St.

City New York (6) State N.Y.

Date May-12-1937

Dear Charles Bird and Bob Wood:

I am a convict and a regular reader of your magazine. I didn't start reading Crime Does Not Pay until too late. I really enjoy learning the true facts in it. I hope others won't wait as long as I did to read and understand the truth, that crime does not pay.

Thanks for bringing such a wonderful magazine to Americans.

A Regular reader.

CENSORED

CENSORED

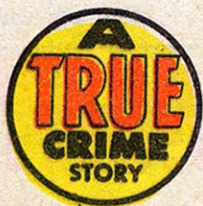
CENSORED

CENSORED

Ref. Hall A

Jefferson city, mo

THIS ACTUALLY REPRODUCED LETTER, WHICH IS ONLY ONE OF HUNDREDS LIKE IT, DOES MORE TO BOOST THE FAME OF "CRIME DOES NOT PAY" THAN ALL THE ADJECTIVES IN WEBSTER'S BIG BOOK!



A LESSON IN MURDER

ONE hundred police working on a case can make a thousand mistakes before they strike on the right solution, but the criminal, working against these hundred police cannot afford to make a single error. He has to be right EVERY time. What chance, then, has the criminal? He has NO chance at all. It is utterly futile for him to try to commit the perfect crime. Poor misguided egotists, with their twisted brains! Why can't they learn before it is too late?

Emile Lamont, although he was a bit slow of wit, nevertheless was a good father to his large brood. Farming in the province of Ontario, Canada, was hard work with little return, in 1930, but somehow Emile was able to keep body and soul together. Now Anton, one of his sons, was going to work, too, and that would ease part of the burden. It was good to have friends like Jean Valadin and Gaston Fournier, who had secured the work for the boy.

"He will go to meet Josef Arment, who cuts ice in the winter," said Valadin. "Next month Josef will be making up his crew, and we have arranged that Anton will be one of the first to be hired."

Emile wiped away a tear of gratitude with his gnarled

fist. "Ah, merci, merci, mes amis!" said Emile, with a strange catch in his voice. "Thank you, my friends!"

"It is nothing to do for an old friend," replied Gaston Fournier with feeling. "The truth is, we feel we have not



done quite enough for you."

"Eh?" said Emile, puzzled. "Mon Dieu, what do you mean?"

"We have been thinking," put in Jean Valadin, "that there is danger in cutting ice. Suppose something should happen to Anton? An accident, perhaps!"

Emile shook his head profoundly. "Danger," he said slowly. "Yes, there is always danger."

"But with insurance," said Fournier excitedly, "you would be repaid for possible loss. For a little over sixty dollars, you would receive

five thousand dollars in protection against Anton's death! Ten thousand dollars should the boy die by accident!"

Emile shook his head. "Such sums are not for me to consider, good friends. Sixty dollars I have not even owned at one time in my whole life!"

The other two smiled confidently. "Leave that to us, Friend Emile. We shall make a business deal. We shall put up the money for the insurance. Then, if anything should happen, God forbid, we shall split the money between us! That will ease your mind, so you will not think we are offering charity."

Emile smiled. Such friends as this were rare indeed.

Indeed they were!

Such a feeling of friendship had these two for their old companion of many years that they purchased insurance on the life of Anton. And it was an act of Providence that they should have been so foresighted. For that October, when Anton stood at the dock's edge waiting for the arrival of Josef Arment, his body suddenly lurched forward and plunged into the already icy waters.

Of course, a body does not merely lurch forward of its own accord. It has to jump, or slip, or be pushed

But as there were no witnesses, who could say that they so much as had seen Anton plunge into the river, it could but be assumed that the boy might have been drinking and had fallen into his watery grave. An accident beyond a doubt. Ten thousand dollars was paid by the insurance company to the stricken father. Grief stricken though he was, the good Emile was grateful that his two friends, Gaston and Jean, had had the thoughtfulness to purchase the insurance. He forthwith drew eight thousand of the ten thousand dollars from his bank account and gave half to each of his good friends, keeping two thousand dollars for himself. That had been in accordance with the terms of the agreement.

It is a strange truth that the more a man has the more he wants. Before collecting the four thousand dollars each had received from Emile, Jean Valadin and Gaston Fournier would have said that four thousand dollars apiece would last them a lifetime. Yet, here, a year and a half after the death of Anton Lamont,

these two were running out of money again. There had been the purchase of a new car by Fournier, payment of debts by Valadin. New clothes and new luxuries all around.



"There is a young laborer working for Jon Dufault," said Gaston. "We could cultivate his friendship and soon bring about another accident. The boy's name is Paul Giroux."

"Eh, bien," Jean Valadin replied, "it is worth looking into."

Paul Giroux was a poor, but friendly lad. He had had a hard life, but he was a good son and a hard worker. Valadin and Fournier did not have much trouble weaving their way into the boy's confidence and into his heart. They treated the lad

to a few trips into the city; they loaned him money when he was short. They even reminded him of the fact that he might even make some extra money by working for them. Not hard work, such as he was doing for Jon Dufault. Simple, easy work, like cleaning up the stables and so on.

Paul was delighted. It gave him a chance at extra money, without tiring himself. "I am certainly thankful for you two friends," he said. "You are like relatives. I would like to call you my uncles."

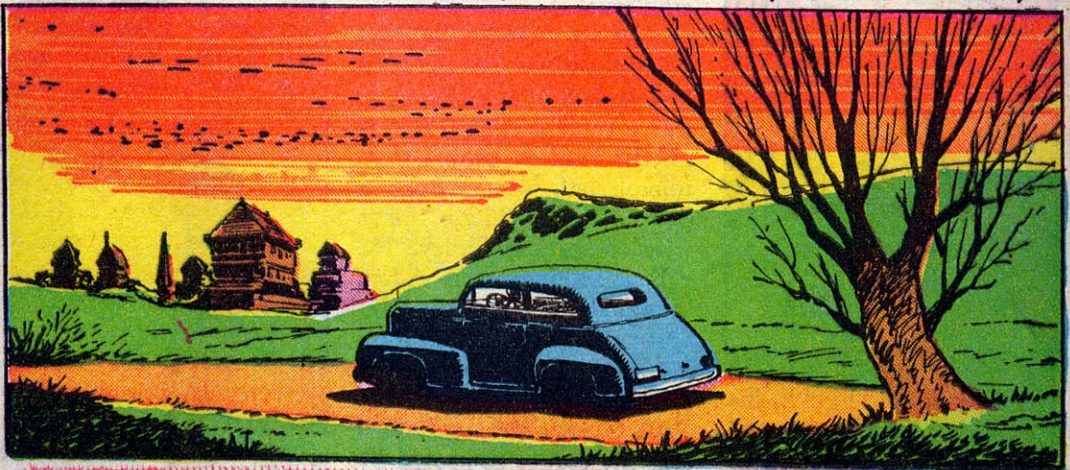
Gaston nodded. "It would be an honor for you to do so, Paul. And speaking of favors, perhaps you would do one for Jean and me."

"Just name it," said Paul.

"Well," began Gaston, speaking slowly, "of course, while the work you do for us is easy, there is a certain amount of risk, . . . danger of being kicked by a horse, while you clean the stalls, for instance."

Paul shrugged. "Not very likely, of course, but it has happened."

"And if it should happen to you, Paul, could not you



family sue us for your injuries?"

"A likely thing," replied Paul, "after all you have done."

"Or Jon Dufault?" asked Jean Valadin.

Paul nodded. "I suppose that might happen. Tell me, what do you want me to do?"

And so Paul became insured against accidental death and thereby signed his own death warrant. He was working with the horses in the barn of Jean Valadin, when suddenly a horse bolted. Paul looked up, frightened, for certainly he had done nothing to anger the horse. What he did see was enough to send chills of fear running down his spine. A pitchfork in the hands of Jean Valadin was being stuck into the horse's flank.

Paul gasped and tried to ease himself out of the stall, but as he did so, the pitchfork prongs struck him in the face. He doubled over in pain and then the angered horse, once more jabbed with

death under a ton of horse-flesh.

Jean Valadin was beside himself with remorse, when



he related the horrible accident to the boy's parents. He was also beside himself with remorse when Sergeant Thomas Foley of the Provincial Police stopped by to ask about Paul's death. Sergeant Foley was not investigating the death of the boy. He had no reason to believe it was not an accident. He merely was a friend of the family and a friend of Jean Valadin's. But he was a very intelligent police officer. He did not like the sound of Valadin's wailing. It did not ring true.

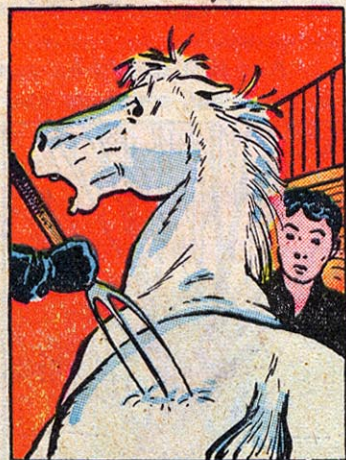
And so, casually, he went behind the house to the barn and looked at the horse. It was a tame creature, not at all the kind of animal that, unmolested, would hoof a boy to death. These things worried Sergeant Foley. He called in Inspector Adam Walton of the Criminal Investigation Department. Unknown to either Valadin or Fournier, the remains of Paul Giroux were exhumed and the corpse inspected by

Dr. D. F. Underhill.

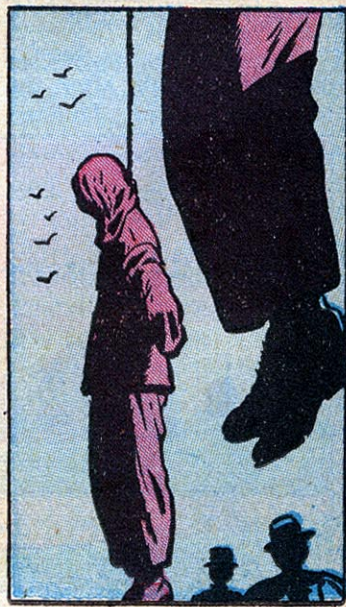
The hoof marks showed up, all right, but so did the marks of the pitchfork. Then further investigation revealed the insurance payment for the death of Anton Lamont, and another policy on record showed up on the life of Paul. In each case Jean Valadin and Gaston Fournier were the beneficiaries. Then, later the pitchfork was found and the blood on it was that of both horse and boy. Science cannot be fooled about blood.

Yes, it was a simple error of judgment that Jean Valadin made, that of being over sorry. And a criminal must be right EVERY time. That simple little error eventually wove a noose about his neck and that of Gaston Fournier, for a year later both men were hanged for their crimes.

What lesson can be learned from the simple mistake that Valadin made? That, too, is a simple lesson, summed up in four words: **CRIME DOES NOT PAY.**



the sharp prongs of the pitchfork, kicked Paul in the stomach. The boy went down, and was trampled to



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BENNY MICKSON

THE POETIC BANK-ROBBER AND HIS
GUN-TOTING WIFE, MARY



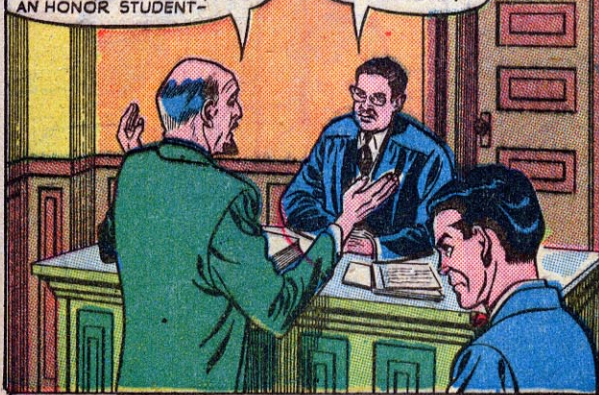
THE FIRST INDICATION THAT 17-YEAR-OLD BENNY MICKSON WAS HEADED FOR A LIFE OF CRIME WAS HIS HI-JACKING OF A TAXI IN TOPEKA, KANSAS!

BUT-BUT IT CAN'T BE TRUE, JUDGE! MY SON-A COMMON CRIMINAL! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE- WHY, HE'S AN HONOR STUDENT-

I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR MICKSON! THE EVIDENCE IS QUITE CONCLUSIVE! I MUST SENTENCE YOUR BOY TO TWO YEARS IN REFORM SCHOOL!

AW, DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, DAD! IT WON'T BE SO BAD! I'LL BE OUT IN NO TIME, AND THEN I'LL SHOW THE WORLD A THING OR TWO!

MY BOY! MY BOY! WHAT MADE YOU DO SUCH A TERRIBLE THING? WHERE HAVE I FAILED YOU?



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEVENTEEN MONTHS LATER, IN STOTESBURY, MISSOURI, BENNY MICKSON KEPT HIS WORD!

STOP THAT MAN!
HE ROBBED THE
BANK!

HELP,
POLICE!

BANG!

BANG!

HA! HA! CHILD'S PLAY! I SAID I'D SHOW THE
WORLD! I GUESS I CAN STOP FOR A SWIM
AND COOL OFF! THE POLICE ARE SUCH FOOLS
THEY WOULD NEVER THINK A GUY WOULD
TAKE TIME OUT FROM SCRAMMING TO
COOL OFF!

THE TROUBLE WITH MOST CROOKS IS
THEY'RE DUMB! YOU GOT TO BE SMARTER
THAN THE COPS! AND WHAT COPPER HAS
THE I.Q. I HAVE! WHAT'S THAT!

WHAM

SO YOU GUYS DO
THINK A LITTLE
AFTER ALL!

WATCH OUT!
HE'S PULLING
A GUN!

LET ME TAME
HIM DOWN!

ALL RIGHT! YOU WIN!
BUT I LEARN SOMETHING
EVERY DAY! NEXT TIME
I'LL KNOW BETTER-

NEXT TIME, IS IT! THE NEXT TIME
WILL BE QUITE A WHILE FROM NOW--
AFTER THE JUDGE GETS THROUGH
WITH YA, SONNY!

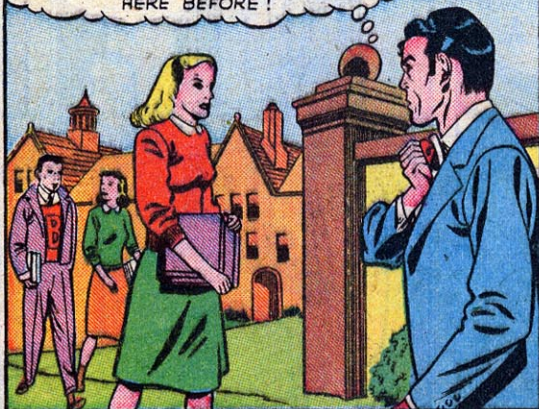
TEN YEARS!

22 to 26

BANG.

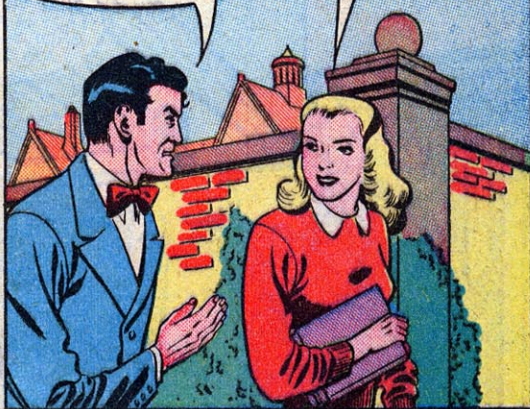
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

I CUT TEN YEARS OF LIVING DEATH TO SEVEN, WITH GOOD BEHAVIOR, BUT IT'S STILL A LOT OF LIVING TO MAKE UP! I TALKED THE OLD MAN INTO TAKING ME BACK AND GIVING ME ANOTHER CHANCE! BOY, DO I KNOW HOW TO SOFT-SOAP HIM! HELLO-THERE'S A CUTE DISH! I NEVER NOTICED HER AROUND HERE BEFORE!



PARDON ME, MISS! I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, BUT I JUST HAD TO TELL YOU-I THINK YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL! I'D LIKE TO WRITE A POEM ABOUT YOU!

YOU WOULD? GEE! ARE YOU A POET? WHO ARE YOU?



MY NAME IS MICKSON! MAY I CARRY YOUR BOOKS FOR YOU? I'D LIKE TO MEET YOUR FAMILY AND GET THEIR PERMISSION TO TAKE YOU TO THE MOVIES TONIGHT- THAT IS, IF YOU'D GO WITH ME!

WHY-WHY, I GUESS SO!



A SHORT TIME LATER-

GOODNESS, MARY BLACK IS ONLY SIXTEEN! IT'S A SCANDAL! HER GOING TO MARRY A MAN SO MUCH OLDER! WHY, SHE'S JUST A CHILD!

THAT MR. MICKSON MUST BE ALMOST THIRTY-WHAT COULD HER PARENTS BE THINKING OF- ALLOWING THEM TO WED THIS SATURDAY AND EVEN GIVING THEM THEIR LODGE AT THE LAKE FOR A HONEYMOON!



THIS IS THE LIFE, MARY- JUST YOU AND ME AWAY FROM EVERYBODY'S SNOOPING! EVER TRY YOUR HAND AT SHOOTING?

W-WHY, YES- A LITTLE, BUT ONLY WITH BLANKS!



AFTER THREE DAYS OF LEARNING, HONEY, YOU'RE TERRIFIC! NOW LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO WITH A REAL TARGET!

I REALLY AM IMPROVING, AREN'T I, BENNY?



HOW'S THAT, BENNY? NINETEEN BULLSEYES OUT OF TWENTY!

HONEY, YOU'RE SENSATIONAL! I'M PROUD OF YOU! NOW LISTEN-I HAD A REASON FOR TEACHING YOU HOW TO BE A SHARP-SHOOTER!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE REASON BECAME QUITE APPARENT A FEW DAYS LATER IN ELKTON, SOUTH DAKOTA!



STAND WHERE YOU ARE, PLEASE! THIS IS A HOLDUP! AND REMEMBER THAT THE YOUNG LADY IS A CRACK SHOT, AND SO AM I!

THANK YOU! AND NOW WILL YOU OPEN THE VAULT, PLEASE?

BUT THE TIME LOCK DOESN'T OPEN FOR A HALF HOUR YET!



WELL, IN THAT CASE I'M AFRAID WE'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT, WON'T WE? EVERYONE LIE FLAT ON THE FLOOR, PLEASE—OR GET A BELLY FULL OF LEAD!

WHEW! COLD AS ICE, BOTH OF THEM! AND POLITE AS THEY COME, OF ALL THINGS!



TIME'S UP! OPEN THAT VAULT, TELLER-AND, BABY, GO WITH HIM—IF HE TRIES STALLING, SHOOT HIS BRAINS OUT! THE REST OF YOU JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE TILL WE'RE GONE!



SEE WHAT I MEAN, SWEETHEART! NEARLY THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS! THE GAME WE'RE PLAYING REALLY PAYS OFF, BABY!

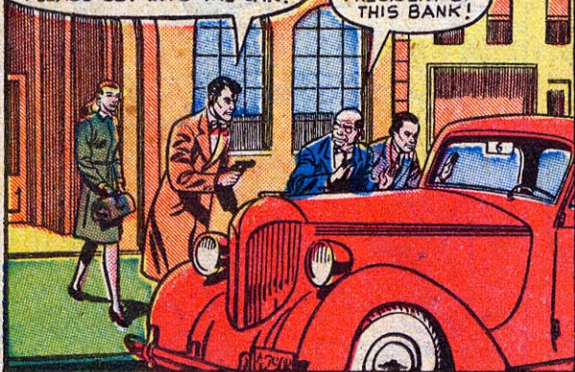
IT SURE DOES! IT'S AN EXCITING GAME, TOO! YOU KNOW, I WAS WISHING THAT TELLER WOULD TRY SOMETHING!



BROOKINGS, SOUTH DAKOTA, TWO MONTHS LATER!

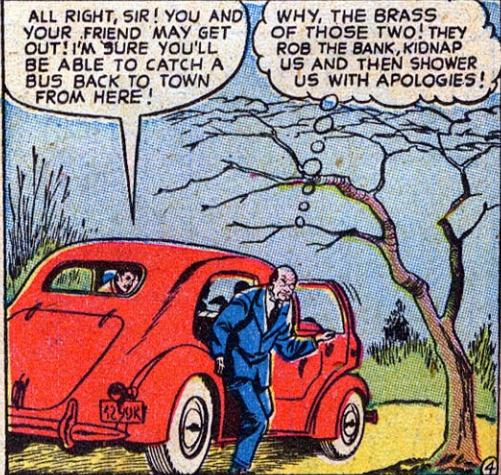
WE'RE VERY SORRY TO HAVE TO DO THIS, BUT WE NEED YOU GENTLEMEN AS HOSTAGES, SO PLEASE GET INTO THE CAR!

BUT—BUT I'M PRESIDENT OF THIS BANK!

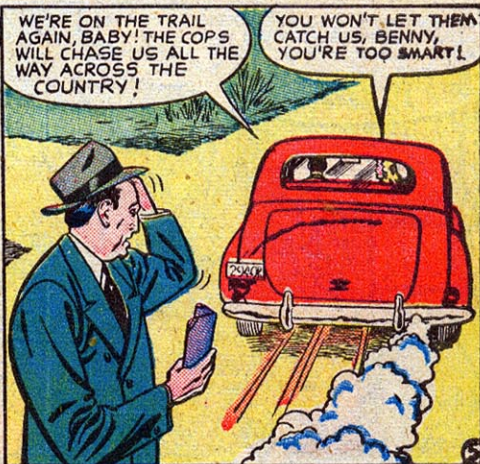
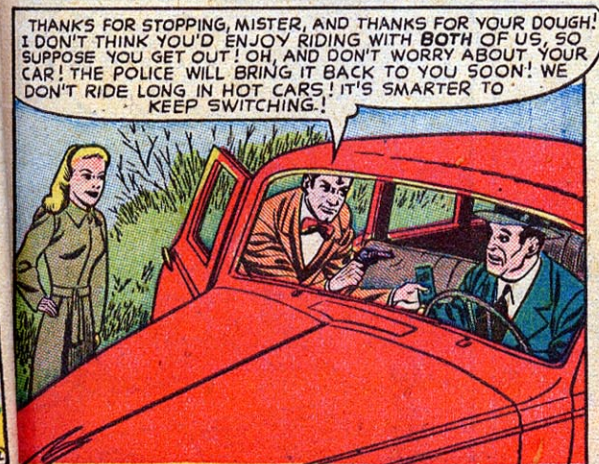
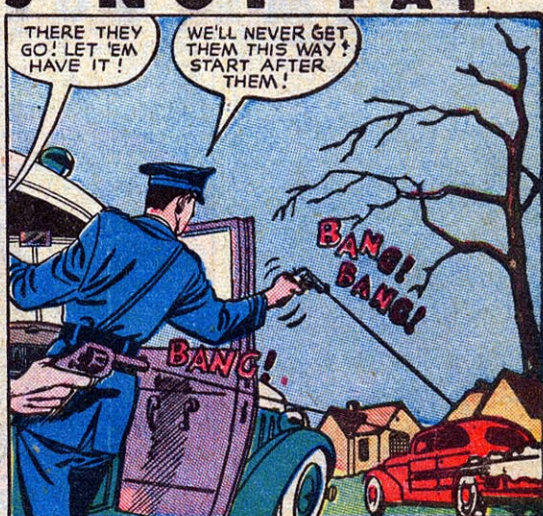


ALL RIGHT, SIR! YOU AND YOUR FRIEND MAY GET OUT! I'M SURE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CATCH A BUS BACK TO TOWN FROM HERE!

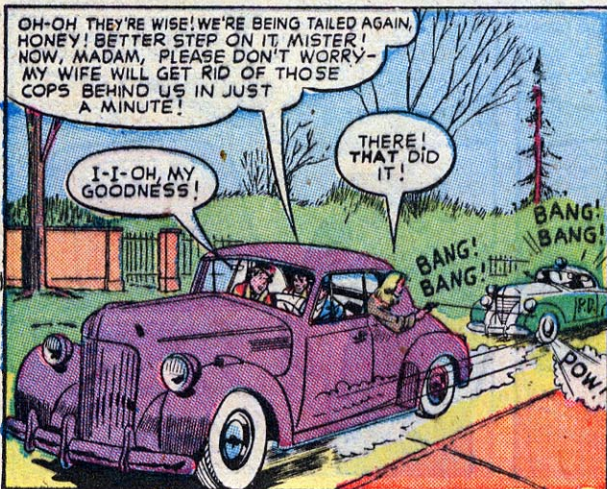
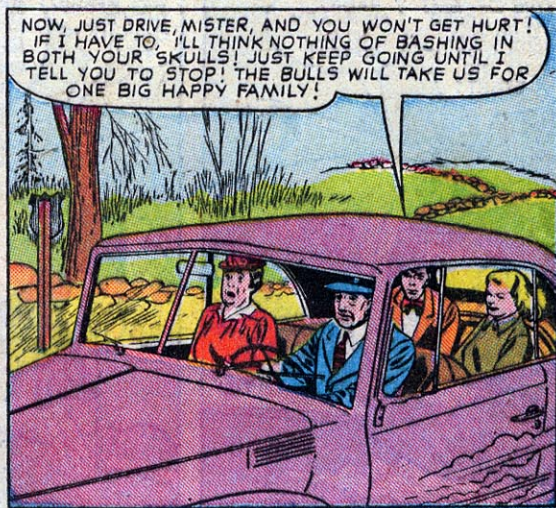
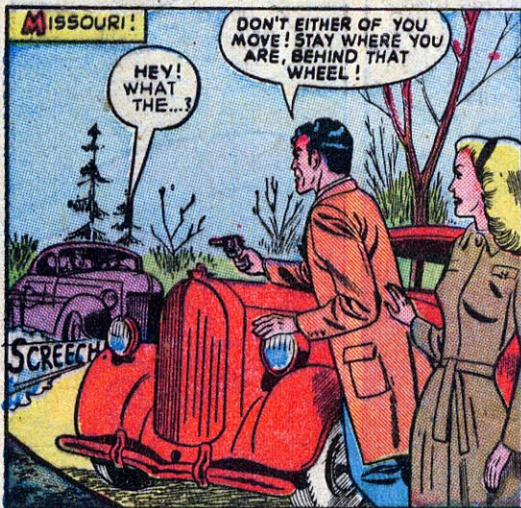
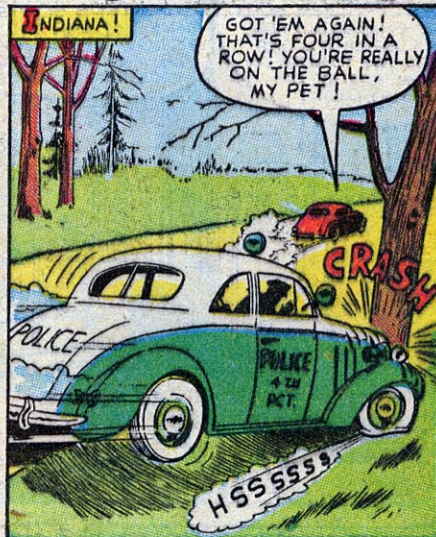
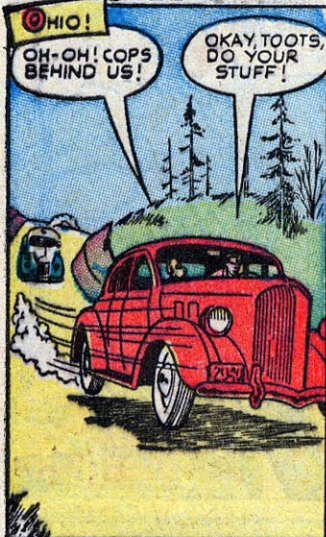
WHY, THE BRASS OF THOSE TWO! THEY ROB THE BANK, KIDNAP US AND THEN SHOWER US WITH APOLOGIES!



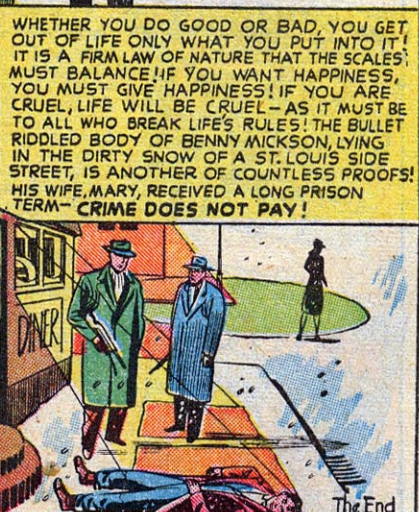
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



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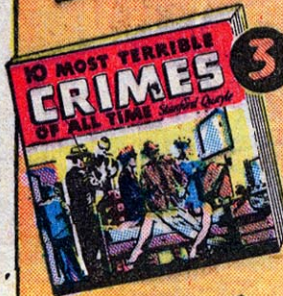
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Please print clearly—use pencil

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ON THE LEVEL by C.H. MOORE



WILLIAM WILLIAMS, Bronx, N.Y.,
COULDN'T RESIST THE CHANCE OF SEEING A MAN ON TRIAL
FOR A ROBBERY HE HAD COMMITTED. HE ENJOYED
WATCHING ANOTHER MAN BEING TRIED FOR HIS CRIME!
A SPECTATOR RECOGNIZED WILLIAMS AS THE REAL
ROBBER - HE WAS CAUGHT AND PUNISHED
AND THE INNOCENT MAN
FREED!



YELLOW GLOVES

WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE DOWNFALL OF
JOE KING!

HE HELD UP A TAXI DRIVER -

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER A DETECTIVE BECAME
SUSPICIOUS OF A MAN WEARING YELLOW GLOVES
TOOK HIM IN FOR QUESTIONING AND FOUND THE
TAXI DRIVER'S WATCH ON HIM! HE SHOWED
HIS TRUE COLOR ONCE TOO OFTEN!

A GHOST

WAS ALLOWED
TO TESTIFY
AT THE TRIAL
OF A MURDERER
IN Scotland
(June 10, 1754)

A FRIEND OF THE
MURDERED MAN
SWORE THAT THE
VICTIM'S GHOST CAME
TO HIM AND REVEALED
THE NAME OF THE
MURDERER!

THE JUDGE ALLOWED
THE TESTIMONY OF THE
GHOST TO GO ON RECORD!



RED MULLINS -

AN ESCAPED CONVICT,
WAS CAUGHT IN HOUSTON, TEXAS
WHILE COMMITTING A ROBBERY!
HE WAS SENTENCED TO 170 YEARS!



A CONVICT
WORKING IN THE
PRISON TAILOR SHOP
SAVED HUNDREDS OF NEEDLES,
WHICH HE FASTENED TO A
STICK, TO FILE HIS
WAY THROUGH THE BARS OF
HIS CELL - HE GOT OUT AND
RIGHT BACK IN AGAIN!

C.H. MOORE



CARL

WARR WALKED INTO THE LOS ANGELES
POLICE STATION AND ANNOUNCED THAT HE WAS
GOING TO BLOW IT UP - HE HELD A BOX THAT
CONTAINED ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES TO DESTROY A
WHOLE CITY BLOCK AND FIXED IT IN SUCH A WAY
THAT IT WOULD GO OFF 10 SECONDS AFTER HE
REMOVED HIS HAND FROM INSIDE THE BOX - A DETECTIVE,
SAM BROWN, WAS SENT BY THE MADMAN TO GET THE
CHIEF OF POLICE FROM HIS HOME, SO THAT HE COULD
BE BLOWN UP TOO - BROWN WORKED FAST - HAD ALL
BUILDINGS EVACUATED WITHIN THREE BLOCKS AND THE
STREETS ROPED OFF - THEN HE WENT BACK TO THE
MADMAN, ALONG WITH THE CHIEF - HIS QUICK THINKING
AND ACTIONS FLOORED THE MADMAN AND WITH ONLY
SPLIT SECONDS TO WORK, HE SMASHED THE FUSE
MECHANISM AND TOSSED THE BOX TO THE STREET!
IT SHATTERED WITHOUT EXPLODING!



MATTHEW SPENCE

TWICE-ESCAPED CONVICT -
WENT TO A MOVIE AND SAT DOWN NEXT TO
THE DETECTIVE, WHO WAS LOOKING FOR HIM!
THE PICTURE WAS "YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER!"

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY

WHO DUNNIT?

TEST YOUR
WITS! HOW GOOD
A DETECTIVE
ARE YOU?



INSPECTOR ALENOFF
OF THE SOFIA POLICE

PAUL
GOULONOV,
HANDSOME
FORTUNE
HUNTER

STEFFY MILANOFF,
TORMENTED WITH
JEALOUSY AND
HATRED

CONDUCTOR
PRUBOSHOFF,
HE NEEDED
MONEY

EX-CONVICT
RUDOV,
THE SLICKEST
JEWEL THIEF
IN BULGARIA

MADAME
MILANOFF,
THE MERRY
WIDOW

THE SOFIA EXPRESS GETS A DEADLY
HIGHBALL! AS IT GATHERS SPEED
OUT OF THE SOFIA FREIGHT YARDS,
ONE PASSENGER IS MARKED FOR
DEATH! ANOTHER IS MARKED WITH
THE BRAND OF CAIN...MURDERER!
INSPECTOR ALENOFF OF THE SOFIA
POLICE MANAGED TO SPOT THE KILLER
WITHIN FORTY-FIVE MINUTES! CAN
YOU MATCH THE TIME-TABLE ACCURACY
OF THIS FAMOUS SLEUTH? CAN YOU
GUESS WHO DUNNIT?

drawn by
FRED GUARDWEER

THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 5TH, 1936, IN AN EXCLUSIVE
RESTAURANT IN SOFIA, BULGARIA...



BUT, PAUL, I
HAVE A GROWN
DAUGHTER WHO
IS OLD ENOUGH
TO MARRY
YOU!

BUT NOT AS
BEAUTIFUL AND
CLEVER AS HER
MOTHER! SAY
YOU WILL
MARRY ME,
SONIA!

SO THIS IS
PAUL'S BUSINESS
APPOINTMENT-A
RENDEZVOUS
WITH MY OWN
MOTHER! OH,
HOW COULD
SHE?



WHAT'S THE MATTER,
MOTHER? ISN'T IT ENOUGH
TO BE THE MERRY WIDOW
OF SOFIA, AND THE
DARLING OF THE PLAY-
BOYS? MUST YOU TRY
TO STEAL MY
FIANCEE AS WELL?
OH, I HATE YOU!

STEFFY! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE? PAUL,
WHAT DOES
THIS MEAN-
ARE YOU MY
DAUGHTER'S
FIANCEE?

WELL...
ER...THERE
MUST BE
SOME
MISTAKE!

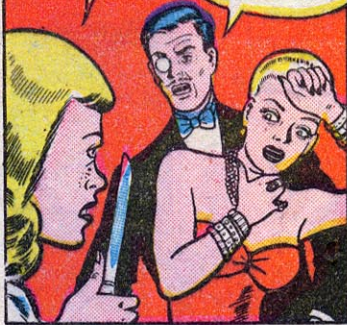
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU BET THERE'S A MISTAKE! YOU MADE IT-OF ALL THE LOW-DOWN SKUNKS, YOU'RE IT! SO YOU HAD TO CANCEL OUR APPOINTMENT BECAUSE YOU WERE HARD AT WORK! HARD AT WORK TWO-TIME-ING ME WITH MY OWN MOTHER! HERE'S YOUR RING, YOU FORTUNE HUNTER, YOU!



AS FOR YOU, MOTHER-ALL MY LIFE I'VE HAD TO WATCH MEN BUZZ AROUND YOU LIKE FLIES! I THINK I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KILL YOU AND YOUR INFERNAL BEAUTY!

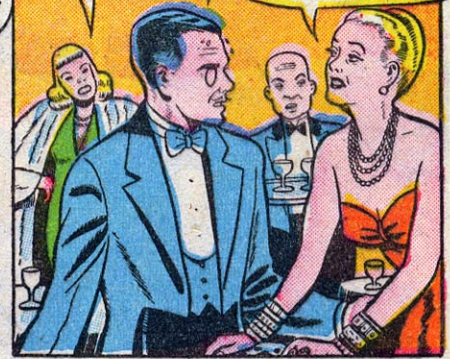
STEFFY, PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN! YOU'RE UPSET- YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR DOING OR SAYING! DON'T BE FOOLISH!



ALL RIGHT, BUT FROM NOW ON, I'M ON MY OWN! I NEVER WANT TO SEE EITHER OF YOU AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE!

SONIA, I KNOW HOW BAD THIS LOOKS, BUT IF YOU'LL LET ME EXPLAIN!

DON'T YOU DARE SPEAK TO ME, YOU CONTEMPTIBLE WRETCH! YOU DARED TO PROPOSE MARRIAGE TO ME, KNOWING FULL WELL YOU WERE ENGAGED TO MY DAUGHTER!



IN A WAY I SHOULD BE GRATEFUL FOR TONIGHT, BECAUSE IT SAVED STEFFY FROM A MISERABLE LIFE WITH A FORTUNE HUNTER LIKE YOU!



I'M GOING BACK TONIGHT TO MY HOUSE IN VAKAREL! IF YOU EVER COME NEAR EITHER MY DAUGHTER OR MYSELF, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU'RE EXPOSED TO THE WORLD!

EVERYTHING IS LOST WITH THE MERRY WIDOW! MY ONE CHANCE IS TO RECOVER THE DAUGHTER! THAT STEFFY IS SO UGLY, I'M SURE I'M THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER OFFERED HER LOVE!



ONE TICKET TO VAKAREL, PLEASE!



ONE TICKET TO VAKAREL!



WHAT TIME DOES THE TRAIN LEAVE FOR VAKAREL?

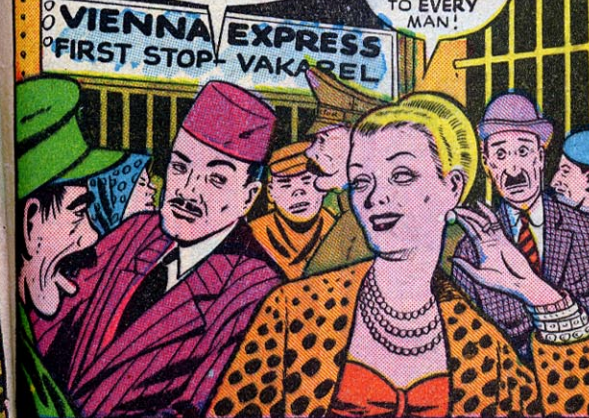
MIDNIGHT!



WHAT BEAUTIFUL GEMS!

BEG PARDON, MADAME! YOU SHOULD NEVER WEAR SO MUCH JEWELRY, WITHOUT A BODYGUARD! YOU'RE A TEMPTATION TO EVERY BURGLAR!

ONLY BURGLARS! HOW UNFORTUNATE! I PREFER TO BE A TEMPTATION TO EVERY MAN!

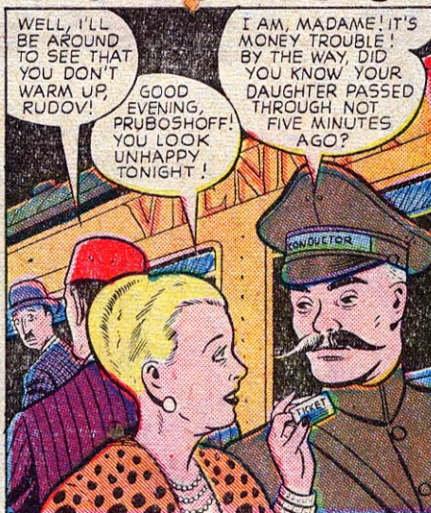


YOU ARE, MADAME! YOUR BEAUTY OUT-DAZZLES YOUR FINEST JEWELS! BUT WHEN A NOTORIOUS JEWEL THIEF LIKE GEORGE RUDOV BOARDS THE SAME TRAIN, IT ISN'T TO ADMIRE YOUR BEAUTY- EH, RUDOV?

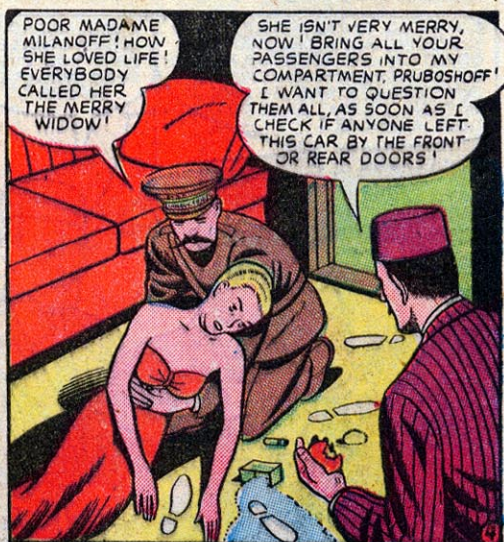
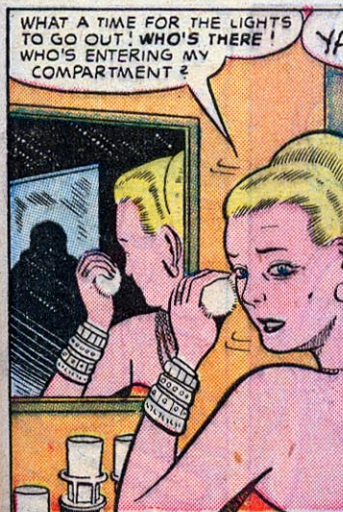
WHY-ER-HELLO INSPECTOR! I DIDN'T THINK I'D FIND YOU HERE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



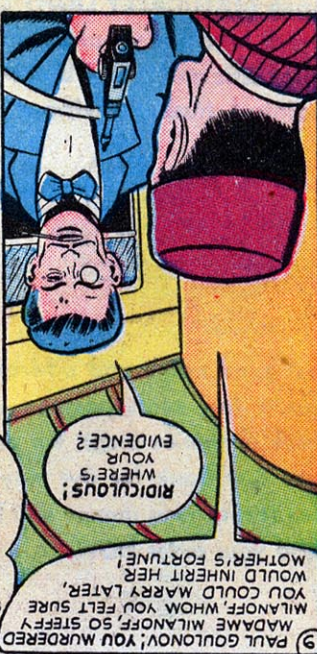
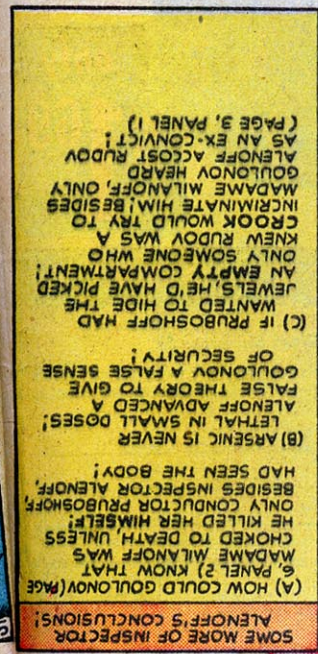
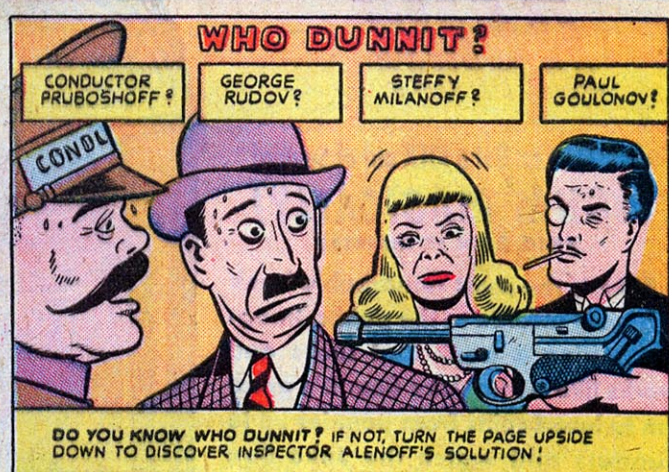
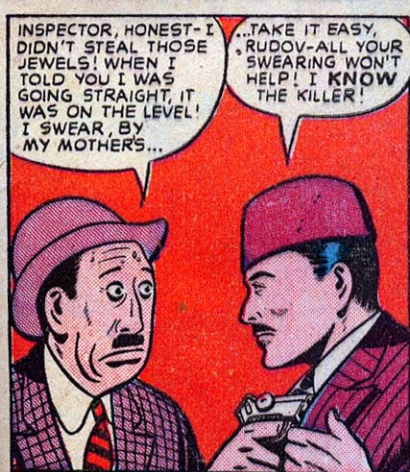
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CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



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LIGHTS MAGICALLY!
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IT LIGHTS!
when coin is inserted

only
\$1.69



1. Pull plunger all the way out



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No C.O.D.'s outside U.S.A.



Make Your Own Records

SING! TALK! ACT! PLAY ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT!

ENJOY MAKING RECORDS IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME

Make records right in your own home by just singing, talking, acting, or playing a musical instrument into your own record player using a NEW HOME RECORD MAKING UNIT. This wonderful little unit records on the blank records furnished with your recording kit. No processing of the record required... just make your recording and it is immediately ready for playback. USE THE NEW HOME RECORD MAKER with any type of standard record player—hand winding, portable, radio-phonograph combination or electrical phonographs operating on either AC or DC.

EASY AS SPEAKING INTO A PHONE—NEEDS NO SPECIAL "RECORDING TECHNIQUE."

You get the complete unit needed to make recordings at home. Acoustic recording head, special recording needle, playback needles, 6 two-sided records (enough for 12 recordings), spiral feeding attachment and complete easy to follow directions. You don't have to wait to hear what your record sounds like. Immediately you can play your new record and give yourself, your family, and friends a thrill on the spot. Records can be played back on ANY phonograph.

SEND NO MONEY

Don't send a cent. Mail coupon and we'll send complete NEW HOME RECORD MAKER. C. O. D. for only \$8.49 plus postage and C. O. D.

... send \$8.49 and we pay postage.

Additional blank records \$2.00 per dozen
(24 sides)



THINK OF IT! I JUST MADE
THIS RECORD WITH THE
HOME RECORD
MAKER!

GEE BOB, IT
WORKS GREAT!

IT'S SO SIMPLE!
LET ME MAKE A
RECORD



MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS at HOME

RECORDOGRAPH CORP. OF AMERICA, Dept. TE-26
230 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Send entire RECORD MAKING OUTFIT, including 6 blank two-sided records.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$8.49 plus postage.
☐ I enclose \$8.49, send complete outfit postpaid.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ Send additional blank records at \$2 per dozen.

Amazing
LOW PRICE
only \$8.49
COMPLETE

Amazing

16MM MOVIE PROJECTOR Bargain!

SHOW MOVIES OF YOUR CHOICE AT HOME

There's lots of fun for young and old with this new easy to operate 16mm hand-operated movie projector. Cost is low—enjoyment high. Pays for itself in the first week's fun. See the big shows or use home movies, but, enjoy the fun in your own living room. Grand for the kids. AC or DC. It's years of fun for only \$6.98.

Send No Money \$6.98

Just send name and address and we ship C.O.D. plus postage or send \$6.98 and we ship postpaid.

Catalog of film available—included free.

HURRY—AVOID XMAS RUSH

Complete

SEND
Today!

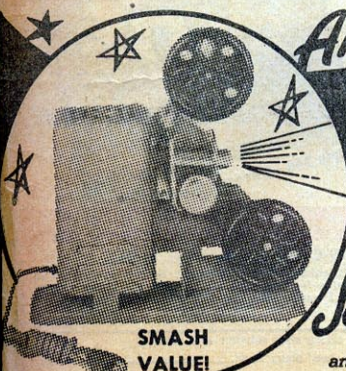
MAIL MART INC., Dept. PE-126
230 Grand Street, New York 13, N. Y.

- ☐ Send Projector C.O.D. I will pay postman \$6.98 plus postage.
☐ I enclose \$6.98, saving postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....



SMASH
VALUE!

- Easy to operate
- All metal construction
- Use ordinary electric bulb
- 50 Foot reel capacity
- Simple handwind operation

AMERICA'S GREATEST Zipper BILLFOLD BARGAIN!

BILLFOLDS ARE PRINTED IN
Breath Taking Colors!

Your Choice
\$1.98
PLUS TAX



Style 536—Mexican Girl



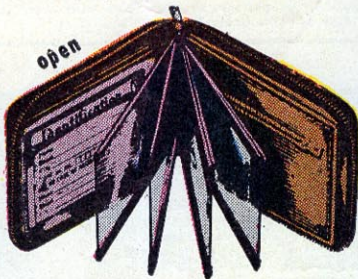
Style 537—Mexican Gaucho



Style 532—U. S. Map



Style 549—Sporting Scene



SENSATIONAL VALUE! A handsome all-around Zipper Billfold brightly decorated in scintillating colors. Illustrations shown herewith are faithful reproductions showing the beautiful colored scenes embossed on these billfolds. Can't rub off. Other exclusive features include Built-in Zipper Change Purse, Deluxe Pass Case and a roomy Currency Compartment. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rush your order and picture choice on the coupon below.



Style 525—Buffalo Hunt



Style 520—Hula Girl



Style 544—Indian Scene



Style 526—Hawaiian Lovers



Style 535—Texas Ranger



Style 548—Covered Wagon

Social Security Plate only 35c



You can have this beautiful three Color-Social Security Plate with your billfold for only 35c extra. Price includes engraving of your Social Security Number, your full name and address, and your phone number. Send 35c in coin on separate sheet of paper with above information and we'll ship postage prepaid.

SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon With Your Billfold Selection!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2309-C 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.
Gentlemen, Rush me the Saddle Type beautifully colored Zipper Billfold in the picture choice indicated below. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus fed. tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival. I must be fully satisfied as I can return the billfold within ten days for refund.

MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS: _____ (Give style number and subject)

If more than one Billfold is being ordered, state how many here. _____

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____